Worst Book of the Year Award

the ALTERNATIVE: AN AMERICAN SPECTATOR

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The Poet and the Pirate: Hugh Kenner considers Ezra Pound and his latest biographer

Red Scares and Blacklists: *features by Stephen Miller, John Fox, R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr., and Philip Terzian* ...**David Niven** *on Buckley at sea*...**William Nolte** *on Hitler*...**J.W. Stillman** *among the Intellectualoids.*

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THE CONTINUING CRISIS

■ November...both candidates after soberly and intelligently enunciating their testimony to the American people, marshaling the facts as God gave them the light to see those facts, setting forth their qualifications, solemnly taking issue with each other, and intoning lush strophes of humanitarianism—both candidates filled their tummies with sodium bicarbonate and settled before their television sets to await the voice of the people. The voice was faint: 27.5 percent of the people said Jimmy, 26 percent said Jerry, and a whopping 46.5 percent said yecch. The system works!

■ That boycott by football players at Memphis State University ended twenty-four hours after it began, much to the relief of Coach Richard Williamson and all loyal MSU alumni. According to sources close to the crisis the players started the boycott to express solidarity with a destitute linebacker who had faithfully waged mayhem every Saturday, even though an MSU alumnus was months behind in his under-the-table payments. Throughout the month President-elect Carter has remained steadfast in his anti-Washington stance, and despite enormous pressure from the Council on Foreign Relations, the Ford Foundation, and the State Department he remains adamant in going by the first name of a little boy. Further he has named Mr. Cyrus Vance as his Secretary of State.

■ Sadness has visited the hearts of dozens of Utah gun enthusiasts who volunteered for Mr. Gary Gilmore's firing squad. The American Civil Liberties Union has again successfully spiked Mr. Gilmore's pursuit of happiness. Mr. Gilmore has eloquently protested the court-ordered delays of his happy dispatch, but the high-minded ambulance-chasers persist in thwarting his wishes; and through it all we, the American people, have been made to suffer the maudlin news reports of Mr. Gilmore's misspent life. Worse still, the media continue to exhibit the slob's creative works: drawings of tenth-rate quality, paintings reminiscent of a school-girl suffering dementia praecox, and poetry not much better than Rod McKuen's. Enough! Finish the lout off, if for no other reasons, then on aesthetic grounds!

■ Terror continues to grip Hammond, Indiana where ten women have already fallen victim to an unidentified pilosophobe. Early in the month a young woman lost every hair on her head when a mysterious caller appeared at her door and, through the most honeyed suasion, induced her to douse her hair with alcohol while leaning over a hot stove...*poof, poof*..., and by the time she regained her composure the fiend had vanished and she was a veritable cue ball. It has been much the same story for months. Always the monster claims to be a doctor with a last name beginning with "C," always the woman is a young mother recently mentioned in the local birth notices, and always the supposed doctor persuades the woman to undertake an indiscretion culminating in baldness—never does the prospective dunderhead fail to cooperate. This time "Dr. Carmichael" informed his victim that her husband had contracted parasites capable of penetrating her brain and directed her to rub her scalp with a mixture of alcohol and petroleum jelly before holding her head over the aforementioned hot stove and splashing on more alcohol. Authorities are continuing a vigorous investigation. In Newark, New Jersey the Bedsloe Fire Wall Company burned to the ground, and apparently French judges are coming around to a more enlightened approach to the uxoricidal tendencies of M. Noel Carriou, the French gastronome who has since 1956 killed two wives for abominations committed against his beloved roasts. The first wife perished when she undercooked a roast, and the courts jugged M. Carriou for twelve years. The second wife passed on after she overcooked a roast, causing the sensitive Frenchman to fillet her after exclaiming, "You cook like a Nazi"; this time M. Carriou received but eight years.

■ From Trenton comes word that New Jersey's second highest court has upheld the atrocious assault-and-battery conviction of a Newark man found guilty of inserting pins and needles into his victims under the pretense of giving them health tests. The convicted man, Mr. Ernest Crumedy, Jr., was given six consecutive three-month jail terms. Westerners were made aware of the extent of Poland's food shortage when a young Pole hijacked a Polish airliner by threatening the pilot with nothing more than a wad of rye bread which he had successfully passed off as a grenade. In the People's Republic of China a bad press continues to imperil the political career of the wife of the late Chairman Mao Tse-tung. In Peking the *People's Daily*, a long-time supporter of government policy, ran a series of shocking exposés alleging that Chiang Ching often spent voluptuous evenings viewing salacious movies, occasionally even Kung Fu movies. And Spokane, Washington's Big Brother program might be in difficulty because of the establishment's prudish response to reports of homosexual "attacks" by older males on their surrogate sons. Three big brothers have already been forced to plead guilty.

■ On November 6 one of England's best-known conductors, Maestro Raymond Leppard, announced his intention to depart the famed island to escape "the meanness and jealousy" created by socialism. The erstwhile socialist prefers America's "benevolent capitalism," but several of the month's news stories cast dubiety on Maestro Leppard's sunny view. A Miami businessman, Mr. George N. Garrett, has been indicted for selling six-hundred-dollar "assassination kits" complete with German Lugers and silencers, though as yet not one consumer has stepped forward with a complaint. In New Jersey a counsellor at a government-financed job-training agency has been indicted for allegedly advising job applicants to consider free-market careers in prostitution. And a Milwaukee attorney who attempted to alleviate his clients' financial burdens by offering them lucrative opportunities as prostitute-receptionists has also been indicted. Whither the free society?

■ An overdose of Valium has nearly rendered tranquil unto eternity Miss Fanne Foxe, the Washington socialite; and Miss Renée Richards, known as Dr. Richard Raskind before being sexually revised, has been sued by her former wife for $7,000 in delinquent alimony and child-support payments. That lovers' row between Reno, Nevada card dealer Patricia Mowrey, 36, and Mr. William J. Ramos, 24, which began when Miss Mowrey had Mr. Ramos arrested for "puncturing" her water bed, ended spectacularly in a Reno casino. Smitten by passion, Mr. Ramos entered the casino waving a gun and hollering romantic—albeit risqué—expostulations to his beloved as she feigned tedium. Unfortunately an inadvertent twitch of his finger felled the beautiful gambler, sending Mr. Ramos to the calaboose and Miss Mowrey to the hospital with superficial wounds. On November 25 Thanksgiving was celebrated around the Republic. In Chicago's Cook County Jail the chef removed all bones from the traditional Thanksgiving turkey on the pretense that "inmates have been known to use the bones as weapons." And in Parker, Tennessee, Mr. Carter Bosington was only slightly injured when the turkey that he was carving exploded. Apparently Mr. Bosington was the victim of a practical joke by his son Amos, though the matter remains moot, for Mrs. Bosington promptly shot the boy dead as he chortled uncontrollably from across the dinner table.

■ In Dacca, Bangladesh, disgrace has befallen the family of a 26-year-old hospital volunteer who was nabbed as he dined on corpses at a medical college. Now known as "cannibal Khalilullah" the young epicurean claims to have discovered his unique taste during the bloodshed of the 1971 civil war when as an idealistic reformer he became "very active" in removing bodies from Dacca streets. In progressive Uganda a wave of revisionist scholarship surrounds last summer's Israeli raid on Entebbe airport. According to some of Uganda's most distinguished historians there exists evidence in abundance that the invaders' planes would have been erased from the skies had not the world-renowned Field Marshal Idi Amin Dada restrained his crack artillery unit on "humanitarian grounds." Meanwhile a heart attack claimed the life of American actor Godfrey Cambridge as he prepared to portray the famous Ugandan leader in a Hollywood movie, which pretty much followed the conventional, if benighted, Western conception of this truly remarkable human being and military genius. The crisis continues. —*RET*

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THE WORST BOOK OF THE YEAR

R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

Scoundrel Time: Diary of a Schoolgirl

"I cannot and will not cut my conscience to fit this year's fashions"—proud and worthy words orated in the cruel spring of 1952 as mobs of American Legionnaires swept down the boulevards of America and the virtuous remnant shivered behind drawn curtains, schooling themselves in the legal arcanum of the Fifth Amendment: "I refuse to answer on the grounds, I refuse to answer on the grounds...." The fever of McCarthyism was upon the Great Republic: the Bill of Rights had been adjourned, the Supreme Court was in hiding, every cultural fount in the Republic was being patrolled by fanatical yahoos and—worse still—out-and-out anti-Communists. Why Miss Lillian Hellman, the ageless coed who intoned the above declaration of principle, was not immediately arrested and garroted at the feet of the Statue of Liberty is a mystery. How the Republic survived into 1976 is a greater mystery still. Yet Miss Hellman is here with us today, free to relate this tale of villainy, fain to admit her dominant role in saving us from the totalitarian night, and glad to fill her purse with loot so suavely exacted from that vast body of untutorable gulls who today queue up for every sequel of anti-American soap opera provided by Hollywood and the publishing industry.

Billed as a memoir, *Scoundrel Time* is, in its vitals, the balmy diary of a spoony school girl. Were we the denizens of any other era, one might imagine that Lillian's mischievous brother had plucked the torrid manuscript from its hiding place beneath a tangle of teen-form bras and secreted it off to a publisher of fourth-rate melodrama. But these are great days. The intellectuals yearn for tales of 100% American infamy, and the ancient laws of supply and demand are responding admirably. Hence, for a pittance, readers can now gasp with Lillian Hellman, the sempiternal college girl lost in trivial and incoherent fantasies, self-pitying, self-deluding, and mortifying. Lillian is flaming youth, an ingenue ill-used by this too, too cruel world and often ambushed by the uncontrollable thumpings of her very big heart. Great fame exacts its toll. Genius is abused and betrayed. Life is hard. Nonetheless the kid bounces back, for she is a trooper, an intellect of note, a good and indomitable spirit. How she has suffered! How any literate person who has to read this book will suffer! Lillian Hellman is to our era what Patty Hearst might become. Whether Patty ever has her diary published is a question of moment to the entire literary world, but for now we have to satisfy ourselves with the adventures of Lillian.

THE
HAROLD ROBBINS AWARD

Scoundrel Time
by Lillian Hellman

HONORABLE MENTION

Born on the Fourth of July
by Ron Kovic

Lovers and Tyrants
by Francine du Plessix Gray

As with all diaries *Scoundrel Time* is elliptical, a concatenation of events and insights of quality varying from the pedestrian to the moronic. Yet the thing is sustained by the almost voluptuous fascination of Lillian's incessant belly-aching about how a conspiracy of right-wing pols and left-wing intellectuals denied her a $140,000-a-year honorarium for creating Hollywood masterpieces. Such a complaint issuing from Lillian has great dramatic force even though she has an Outer Mongolian's ear for English prose and no belief in historical accuracy whatsoever; for Lillian is no champion of the Chamber of Commerce, much the contrary. She is an artiste, and life-long critic of George Babbitt and all his bourgeois kin. Still, she loved that $140,000-a-year income, and I am personally relieved to see that the capitalists have held no grudges. According to the redoubtable *Publishers Weekly* she now maintains handsome quarters overlooking Park Avenue and a house on Martha's Vineyard—all the better to continue her researches into the evils of America's privileged classes. What is more, the Blackglama fur company has given her a $7,000 mink coat for modeling it in the *New Yorker*—another example of capitalism's brazen exploitations perhaps, but a swell mink coat nonetheless.

Born of wealthy and somewhat moldy New Orleans parents, Lillian allowed Mr. and Mrs. Hellman to escape what must have been a life of hell when she took her marvellous mind and all of its complaints off to New York, there to study at New York University, drop in on all the highbrow salons, and pick up the visionary notions of the young Trotskyites without every having to read Trotsky or accept an ice pick to the cerebrum. In the 1930s she became a playwright of third-rate stuff and a rising Hollywood dramatist. But always she returned to Dashiell Hammett, a modern Dickens whose compassion for the brotherhood of man compelled him to side with Marshal Joseph Stalin, the late Soviet humanitarian. Dash and his friends never broke with the enlightened Russian leader. They stuck with him through the Moscow trials, the purges, the Hitler pact, the whole program of reform and Soviet progress. If Lillian did not approve such raffish associations it is one of the few complaints she has ever kept to herself. In fact to this day she remains somewhat coy about Old Joe, referring to his torture chambers, his

(*continued on page 35*)

Warren Linn

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Stephen Miller

The Legend of Scoundrel Time

How does a government preserve itself while at the same time preserving civil liberties? The question does not lend itself to such easy answers as Lillian Hellman provides.

We often make sense of the past by singling out those figures who point towards the present, especially those luminaries who were out of key with their times—misunderstood by their contemporaries. Doing history in this way may at times be appropriate but it smacks of condescension, as if the age were too dim-witted for the likes of us, only worthwhile insofar as it tossed up such suffering prophets. Doing history in this way also means ransacking the past for notions that support our current moral, intellectual, or artistic assumptions—using the past to give credit to our supposedly enlightened present.

Such an historical game has recently been played by Lillian Hellman, the well-known dramatist and the author of several highly-acclaimed autobiographies. In her book, *Scoundrel Time*, she speaks of the dark ages of the late forties and early fifties, when a small band of worthies, including herself, were punished for their enlightened views of the Cold War. According to Hellman, those decent persons, "who wanted to make a better world," were victims of one of those "fierce, sweeping, violent nonsense-tragedies that break out in America from time to time...." Having escaped from such a horrendous past, Hellman feels obliged to tell the story of what it was like then—the trials and tribulations one endured for having "advanced" views.

For Hellman that dark age is easy to fathom. On one side are Communists, fellow travellers, and anti-anti-Communists: good people all, who did not "mean any harm," and who, above all, were intent on blaming the United States for the Cold War. On the other side are all the unscrupulous and power-hungry politicians who were responsible for the numerous Congressional investigations that hounded and persecuted supposed "subversives" like herself. On this side were also those cowardly and dishonorable persons who either cooperated with the committees, telling all, or refused to come to the aid of those being persecuted. Hellman is especially contemptuous of liberal anti-Communists who, she claims, were inconsistent on the question of civil liberties as well as wrong in their view of the world. It is these people, she says, who ultimately were responsible for "the Vietnam War and the days of Nixon."

Though Hellman's reading of the period has been vigorously disputed by several writers, including Nathan Glazer, a "neo-conservative," as well as Irving Howe, a socialist, her view of the period has quickly become *the* view for many people, so that in a review of *The Front*, a recent movie about the blacklist, the critic speaks of the "insane excesses" of that era, and of "the wave of paranoid hysteria that resulted in a tragic tally of wrecked careers and ruined lives." Though few people would claim, as a somewhat emotional historian recently did in the *New York Times*, that in those days the United States succeeded in "replicating Stalinism to protect us from Stalin," many people—especially young people—would say that in those days the United States was well on its way to becoming a fascist nation.

It is easy, no doubt, to think the worst of that period, for the two names most closely associated with the persecution of Communists are Richard Nixon and Joe McCarthy, both of whom—in obviously different ways—turned out to be scoundrels. And it is also easy to think the best of Lillian Hellman, whose frank autobiographies, in which she presents herself as a woman of courage, personal loyalty, and old-fashioned decency, have all become best-sellers, making her into a hero of the women's movement. Moreover the age also favors Hellman's views, for in the mid-seventies we are by now rather blasé and bored about Communism—quick to point out that it is not a monolithic force and that it does, in fact, come in different flavors, from the humane Italian to the oppressive Russian.

Thus one can see why Hellman has become a prophet who is finally being recognized and honored—recognized as an early advocate of detente and honored as a tough, "liberated" woman who refused to be cowed by the threats of an investigative committee. Her moral authority is such that for many people she must obviously be right when she denies that the Communists and fellow travellers posed any threat to American freedom. Who, she indignantly asks, were the true subversives—those well-meaning souls who demonstrated for world peace or those demagogic politicians who ranted about an internal Communist conspiracy? For her and many others the answer to that question is obvious: only scoundrels could have made such a fuss about Communists in America.

It is all well and good to condemn demagogic politicians, but it does not follow that we must accept Hellman's notion of a benign Communist Party. In the late forties the Communist Party was at the height of its influence and power in the United States—a party whose chief tenet was "unswerving loyalty to the Soviet Union and its immediate national interests," a party that was "a force to be reckoned with and to be respected," particularly in liberal and labor circles.

The above quotations are not gleanings from the radical Right. They come from *Ambiguous Legacy: The Left in American Politics*, which is the work of a contemporary socialist of the New Left variety, James Weinstein. Even Hellman herself admits that the Communist Party well-nigh controlled Henry Wallace's campaign for President on the Progressive ticket in 1948. Making

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sense of the late forties and early fifties—the time of the Congressional investigations, the Hiss trial, the blacklist, the Truman Loyalty Orders, and the McCarthy charges—means first of all acknowledging that the Communist Party was a powerful force in American life for several years after World War II. Making sense of this period also means rejecting the attempt by some conservatives to put assorted liberals, New Dealers, socialists, and free-floating radicals in the same boat with the Communists and their fellow travellers.

The most significant characteristic of the American Communist Party—what made it different from any other "radical" party—was its total allegiance to the Soviet Union. It was, as Earl Latham put it in *The Communist Controversy in Washington*, "a dealer agency through which propaganda products, centrally manufactured, were distributed...." The slavish obedience of the Party to the Soviet Union had its comic—or, if you like, pathetic—aspects: one week after the party organ, the *Daily Worker*, called Earl Browder (then head of the Party) "one of the great leaders of the people," the Moscow leadership signalled, by way of a leading French Communist, that Browder had to go. Henceforth anything that smacked of the Popular Front, in which the Communist Party closely identified itself with causes dear to liberals and socialists, was labelled Browderism, and all the Party members dutifully repudiated their former beliefs; their hero for the past ten years had now become an un-person.

The overthrow of Browder in 1945 was only one of the many twists and turns the Party took in order to faithfully toe the Stalinist line. Though the Popular Front, which was orchestrated by Moscow in 1935, was more successful than the previous party line in attracting fellow travellers and Party members, it sagged under the burden of first the Moscow Trials and then the Hitler-Stalin Pact. Many intellectuals decided to break with the Party after the latter event, yet the Party gained in strength and respectability during the war years, when the Soviet Union and the United States were allies.

During the war years the Party benefited from the fact that its central aim was in accord with the aim of the American government—to defeat the Axis powers. It also benefited from the Russophile fever that was sweeping the country, with *Life* extolling the virtues of Stalinism and the *Reader's Digest* publishing a condensation of *Misson to Moscow*, a former ambassador's outright apologia for the Soviet "experiment." "Given this atmosphere," as Irving Howe and Lewis Coser point out in their history of the American Communist Party, "the Communists and their friends naturally found it possible to penetrate government offices, publishers' offices, the union movement, and the press."

After the war, as everyone knows, relations with Russia soon took a dramatic turn for the worse. Naturally, the American Communist Party had to change its line, expunging all Popular Front rhetoric. The Party now argued that the United States was quickly becoming a fascist state, and that it was preparing for war in the hope of temporarily postponing the inevitable: the collapse of capitalism. The Party soon began to realize, however, that the inevitable was not going to happen right away. The following paragraph, written in 1946 by the Party's "eminent theoretician," Alexander Bittelman, tries to explain why this collapse might be delayed. The passage is also a good example of what passed for profound Marxist-Leninist thinking.

> Without removing any of the elements of basic importance that are responsible for the maturing of the economic crisis, let alone "abolishing" the causes of the crisis as projected by some bourgeois economists (Keynes) and in part by Browder revisionism, the struggle of the masses against the reactionary offensive and for the maintenance of living standards may slow down the tempo of the maturing economic crisis, may equip the masses economically to withstand with less suffering the impact of the crisis and also narrow the scope of the crisis.

Peering through the dense fog of these incantatory phrases, one can barely discern a point, which is that the workers may be more interested in increasing their standard of living than in waging an all-out fight against their capitalist oppressors. American workers, the Party began to realize, lacked an aggrieved-class consciousness. So, temporarily at least, capitalism would remain on its feet. What was needed, then, was more propaganda aimed at the workers, so as to increase their present discontents. Thus the Party kept on telling American workers how dissatisfied they should be, fomenting strikes, and demonstrating for world peace—all the while hoping that the capitalist crisis was not too far off in the future.

Needless to say, the Party's rhetoric was increasingly out of touch with American realities; there was no depression and the United States did not become a fascist state. The stridency and unreality of Communist polemics may make it seem that the Party could not have been worth taking seriously—that it must have been a small group of cranks, all stupefied by their own sodden rhetoric. Nothing is further from the truth. For approximately four years, from 1945 to 1949, the Communist Party was a powerful and influential force in Hollywood, in certain unions, and in certain departments of the federal government. According to Howe and Coser, directly after the war approximately one-fourth of the total membership of the CIO was enrolled in unions controlled by Communists. And according to Earl Latham, members of the Party and their supporters occupied numerous positions in the federal service, and they helped and aided each other in getting jobs and holding onto them.

During these years, then, the Communists and their fellow travellers could not be dismissed as unimportant hacks. But were they—to use a disagreeable word—subversive? J. Edgar Hoover and his like have cried wolf so often that we no longer believe there ever were real wolves. An all-purpose smear word, subversive has often been used in the past to question the "American-ness" of those who advocated particular policies. The word may make some shiver, but what other word is appropriate as a description of those officials whose first concern, when considering policy matters, was the interest of the Soviet Union? It must be granted that most of these people, whatever their intentions, did not actually engage in subversion. There were some people, however, who did more than think about the Soviet Union. According to Latham, "there was substantial Communist activity in the federal government, [and] it consisted in part in the procurement of classified information for the use of the Soviet government...."

Hellman, of course, ignores such questions and distinctions. For her all Communists and fellow travellers should be honored as martyrs to the cause of world peace and American civil liberties; as authentic American radicals they should be conjoined with Martin Luther King, Jr. But this is the kind of gambit the FBI specialized in—throwing all radicals, whether Communists or not, into the same pot. We must do what J. Edgar Hoover, it appears, could not do: distinguish between a Martin Luther King, who wanted to extend civil rights to those who had been denied them, and a Dashiell Hammett, Lillian Hellman's close friend and companion, who as a member of the Communist Party supported a regime that had ruthlessly been suppressing civil liberties for thirty-odd years. One suspects that Hammett and others did not like to dwell on the harsh aspects of the government they were supporting. Such people probably did not like to think very much at all, for by the late forties the essential facts about Stalin's regime were known to all. Such people, it seems, were willfully innocent.

Some historians who grant that Communists and fellow travellers were subversive nevertheless argue that these people were never a threat to the nation's security. After all, most of the estimated half-million persons who had passed through the Communist movement by the late forties did not conspire to do anything, much less overthrow a government. Most people went to meetings, signed petitions, joined front organizations, and marched in demonstrations. Though some people, as we have seen, did pass along classified information to the Soviet Union, their efforts, according to Latham and others, probably did not amount to much. In any case, espionage is a rather clear-cut offense, and if the government did have "hard" evidence, it no doubt would have tried to prosecute many more government officials than it did. As to the hazier area of influencing policy, Latham argues that "in the great questions of policy, the Com-

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munist position either accorded with an already prevailing conception of desirable American policy, or it was defeated." The wisdom of most historians, then, supports Hellman's implied contention that domestic Communism was never a threat to the United States, and therefore it did not justify the measures taken to control it.

Hellman may be right, but we cannot be sure. History is not a laboratory experiment; lacking a control group, we cannot say what would have happened had the country let the Communists flourish. "Half our fears of disorder will be mocked by history," Paul Freund, the noted legal historian, has said. The trouble is, according to Freund, we don't know which half. Now, after most of the historical evidence is in, historians may know that the Communists were harmless enough to be left alone, but in the late forties liberals, conservatives, and socialists believed that the Communist Party was a threat to freedom. Recalling that time some ten years later, Richard Rovere said that "it was unquestionably the government's business to break up the apparatus and to combat the movement."

People of various political persuasions were worried about domestic Communism precisely because the Party was linked to what had recently become an external enemy. Like the United States, the Soviet Union had emerged from the wreckage of World War II as a superpower. It was slowly consolidating its hold on Eastern Europe, and in 1948 a Communist coup took place in Czechoslovakia, complete with mass arrests and show trials. The Communists were also strong in France, Italy, and Greece. In 1948 the Soviet Union imposed the Berlin blockade, in 1949 it exploded its first atomic bomb, and in 1949 men who called themselves Communists took over in China. Communists everywhere preached global revolution and the imminent demise of capitalism. Nurtured on detente, we dismiss such Marxist-Leninist prophecies as part of the verbal battle of the Cold War; to us such stuff is old hat and means very little. But in the late forties there was every reason to believe that such threats would be acted upon. Since most people knew that domestic Communists were the flunkies of a foreign enemy, the debate about American Communism centered less on whether or not to control the Party than on *how* it should be controlled.

How does a government preserve itself while at the same time preserving civil liberties? The question does not lend itself to easy answers. The issue, in any case, is an old one in political philosophy—one that was traditionally subsumed under the notion of toleration. Toleration in its original force signifies the extent to which a polity allows the ideas and activities of those whom it disapproves to flourish. In 1692 William and Mary promulgated the Act of Toleration, by which freedom of religious worship was granted, on certain conditions, to Dissenting Protestants. Toleration was a much debated question in England during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries because both Dissenting Protestants and Roman Catholics were, at one time or another, suspected of potential treason—of harboring less than total loyalty towards the reigning monarchy.

In Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, the author dangles the subject of toleration before Johnson, who pronounces upon the matter in his characteristically decisive way: "If a man thinks erroneously, he may keep his thoughts to himself, and nobody will trouble him; if he preaches erroneous doctrine, society may expel him; if he acts in consequence of it, the law takes place, and he is hanged." John Plamenatz, a contemporary political philosopher, makes much the same point when he argues that we have no right to suppress ideas of which we disapprove, even if those ideas are themselves intolerant, but we do have the right to suppress those advocating such ideas "when their activities are in fact dangerous to freedom...." Since it is not easy to know when such activities have in fact become dangerous, Plamenatz urges caution, suggesting that "it is incumbent upon us to make sure that there is no other likely way of averting the danger...."

All of which is easier said than done: a government cannot suspend the flow of events and conduct an experiment to find the most benign way of averting the danger to freedom. No wonder, then, that the American government made a somewhat botched job of it during the tumultuous events of the late forties and early fifties. There was no mass hysteria about the matter, however; nor was there a general consensus as to how to deal with the Communists. The issue suffered from the strains and contradictions inherent in the multifaceted nature of American politics, with Congressional committees saying one thing, the courts another, the President still another—and nearly everyone changing his mind from time to time. The issue itself impinged only intermittently upon the American consciousness during those years—subject to sudden flarings as well as to sudden changes in the principal actors involved. The "toleration" accorded Communists was a mixed and confusing bag indeed, but one pervasive misconception should be cleared up: it was, following Johnson's distinction, most often the case that "society" expelled Communists, it was rarely the case that the law had anything to do with Communists.

Of the various ways in which the country dealt with the Communist "problem," the one that has received the most attention is the action of the House Un-American Activities Committee. HUAC had been in existence since the early thirties, but during the war years it was rarely in the news. In 1947, however, the Committee achieved instant notoriety by beginning an investigation into the alleged Communist infiltration of Hollywood. These investigations were, in the main, unedifying affairs, with many witnesses shouting Communist slogans at the Committee, and some committee members claiming that Communists were injecting propaganda into the pictures they worked on.

To be sure, Hollywood was infested with Communists, and Party members did control the Screen Writers Guild, preventing those whose politics they disliked from getting lucrative assignments. Moreover, it is hard to work up much sympathy for many of those who appeared before HUAC, for as Robert Gorham Davis has said, a reading of the transcripts "almost always results in a rather dramatic decrease in sympathy for the non-cooperative witnesses." Nevertheless, it is hard to see why such investigations were especially important or necessary, since the Hollywood Communists could hardly have posed a threat to the nation's security. It is also difficult to escape the conclusion that the Committee, in effect, punished by negative publicity those activities that it could not constitutionally declare criminal, for the Committee was, by all accounts, often careless in the way it allowed cooperative witnesses, during public hearings, to spew forth an endless number of names. But whatever one's reservations about the manner in which the hearings were conducted, the Committee did, after all, as an arm of Congress, have the right to subpoena witnesses in order to gather information that might be relevant to the drafting of legislation.

At first those who were subpoenaed took refuge in the First Amendment, but this was not accepted by the courts, which argued that the only recourse a witness had was the Fifth Amendment—that is, since he might, by virtue of the Smith Act of 1940, be prosecuted for simply being a member of the Party, he had a right not to incriminate himself. Many witnesses, for a variety of reasons, took the Fifth Amendment, which led to their being branded as Fifth-Amendment Communists. Others cooperated fully with the Committee, while still others were willing to talk only about their own activities. This response often led to their being cited for contempt of Congress, since the Committee was reluctant "to accept the witness' decision as to just what would be discussed.

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Most of these citations, though, were thrown out by the courts, so that very few people actually went to jail for contempt of Congress: maximum sentence one thousand dollar fine, one year in jail. Those people who did go to jail for contempt of Congress, like the Hollywood Ten, were for the most part truly contemptuous of Congress, their behavior before the Committee revealing a total lack of respect for the procedures of constitutional democracy.

As the Committee slogged on into the fifties, investigating Communism in the schools and in the ministry, it becomes more difficult to justify its existence. For one thing, legislation with regard to the "toleration" of Communists had already been passed: the McCarran Internal Security Act of 1950, which required "Communist-action" and "Communist-front" organizations to register with the Attorney General. (The Act was batted around by the courts and finally declared unconstitutional in 1967.) Therefore the information the Committee continued to amass was, in a sense, superfluous. In 1950, though, the Korean War had begun, and it gave the Committee a renewed license to hunt for Communists. Talk of internal Communist conspiracies became commonplace again—especially about conspiracies in the State Department—and a shrewd and sinister politician, looking for an issue to ride to fame and power, saw his chance.

A demagogic genius of sorts, Senator Joe McCarthy came on the scene as a tracker of Communists in 1950. He specialized, as Richard Rovere has said, in multiple untruths, yet he managed to enlist a body of faithful supporters who believed every word he said. Senators who, for the most part, despised him, were for a time afraid of challenging him for fear of losing their seats. This scoundrel swaggered and blustered his way through Washington for about four years, virtually paralyzing the work of some arms of the government and ruining some distinguished careers. During his reign of intimidation, he succeeded in getting several opponents voted out of office, having several thousand federal employees fired, and creating a climate of intellectual timidity, so that the area of discourse on foreign policy was severely constricted. His career, which effectively ended with the Senate's condemnation of his conduct in December of 1954, caused profound unease among many Americans though some were thrilled by him.

One should not minimize McCarthyism, yet to say, as Hellman does, that those who suffered during this "scoundrel time" were victims of a violent nonsense-tragedy is to be guilty of an untruth worthy of McCarthy himself. Must one, in replying to this and similarly hysterical responses to the period, belabor the obvious and say that during this era people were not arrested in the middle of the night, were not sent to labor camps, were not killed? Incredible as it may seem to some, few people went to jail: several Congressional witnesses for contempt, and several officials of the Party for violation of the Smith Act. According to an article published in *Fortune* (February 1957), 108 leaders of the Party were convicted, but most of these either did not serve their sentences at all or served very brief ones. For the most part, then, the "law" either left the Communists alone or upheld their civil rights.

"Society" was less benign. Many people did lose their jobs, especially those in the employ of the federal government. In 1947 Truman was responsible for a sweeping loyalty order that enabled the government to dismiss federal employees if there were "reasonable grounds" for suspecting their loyalty. Though one might object that the government cast its net too wide, the order was based on the sensible premise that Communists who held important positions in government could be dangerous to the nation's security. These security investigations continued without abatement, however, through the McCarthy era, when they no longer were necessary. During the Eisenhower years, according to Latham, they were used indiscriminately—often to get rid of employees who "were found unsuitable because of personal traits that did not involve loyalty...." The figure Latham gives for the total number of employees dismissed from 1947 to 1956—a figure he admits is highly speculative—is 3,900.

Many people also lost their jobs—or could not get jobs—as a result of the blacklist, which was a list of supposedly subversive organizations that the Attorney General's office had compiled for use by government agencies. Though not official, the list was used by many private institutions as well, with the result that some people who had only the most tenuous connections with the Communists were fired from jobs. But the blacklist, we must remember, was not a law; a timid Hollywood slavishly adhered to this list because it was unduly afraid of public opinion.

A disturbing time yes, but a scoundrel time no. The only full-blooded scoundrel during those years, Senator McCarthy, came on rather late in the game, in 1950, so it is not right to see those years as totally darkened by his presence. And surely one must include among the scoundrels the Communists and their fellow travellers, who supported a regime in which the question of tolerance could not even be debated—in which even to raise the question meant risking prison or death. But it is less important, finally, to assign praise or blame in these matters than to accept the notion that tolerance is an endlessly difficult question and that any sensible account of this period must hold in tension both the danger to freedom from the Communist Party itself and the danger to freedom posed by an excessive response to alleged internal subversion. As Irving Howe has said: "That 'anti-Communism' was exploited by the McCarthy hooligans does not mean there was no reason for serious people to worry about Communism as a threat to freedom."

Howe's remarks are taken from a strong rebuke to Hellman published recently in *Dissent*. Other writers, including Hilton Kramer, William Phillips, and Joseph Shattan, have criticized Hellman's account of the period in such publications as the *New York Times*, the *Partisan Review*, and *Midstream*. Yet Hellman's cachet is such that the thousands if not millions of persons who will read this book in hardcover or in the subsequent paperback edition will probably swallow her carefully-prepared concoction whole. Hellman, after all, is no longer simply—or merely—a writer; she is a legend. In a recent, full-page advertisement in *The New Yorker*, she appears wrapped in a fur, staring confidently at the reader, under the phrase, "What Becomes a Legend Most?" Her name is not even mentioned in the ad; presumably everyone knows who she is and what she stands for.

The legend offered up in her book is one that the historically unsophisticated will find hard to resist. First, it comes with an introduction that is pure paean: Hellman and her consort, Dashiell Hammett, were, according to Garry Wills, radicals trying "to uphold a private kind of honor in a rotten world...." According to Wills, they opposed "the general degradation, not with a programmatic 'solution,' but with a personal code that makes pride possible in a shameful social order." The purple prose works well with the purple photographs—warm, evocative shots of these two honest souls plus sinister pictures of the heavies in Congress who persecuted them.

Though as history Wills' introduction has the complexity of a cartoon, it does sound the appropriate thematic note, for he makes much of Hellman's personal loyalty, and this is what Hellman herself stresses when indulging in her sweeping moral judgments. Unlike many people, she refused to cooperate with the Committee; she did not rat on her friends. Hellman very much wants to sell herself to the reader as an unpolitical person, someone who is loyal to friends rather than causes. In a letter she submitted to HUAC in which she explains her "position," she says that she will only testify about herself; she will not talk about friends. One sentence in that letter has become rather famous: "I cannot and will not cut my conscience to fit this year's fashions, even though I long ago came to the conclusion that I was not a political person and could have no comfortable place in any political group."

Hellman's point is legitimate *only* if she, like E.M. Forster in his famous essay, "What I Believe," is willing to argue that her sole criterion in these matters is the bond of personal relationships. When Forster acknowledges that "love and loyalty to an individual can run counter to the claims of the State," he is careful not to deny that the State does have very real claims which the loyal friend abjures. But Hellman, unlike Forster, offers her friendship as proof that her friends meant no harm to the State. And so she says, in the very same letter, that her friends "were completely innocent of any talk or any action that was disloyal or subversive,"

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a remark that we can only call a lie since Hellman admits in this very memoir that her friend Dashiell Hammett argued that "nothing less than a revolution could wipe out the corruption" in this country. But let us be generous and say that Hellman is merely inconsistent, has a bad memory, or really believes that Communists "meant no harm...." What we cannot grant her is her claim to be an unpolitical person, for the memoir is riddled with political remarks—the most simplistic being her claim that liberal anti-Communists were responsible for the Vietnam War. And the memoir, moreover, refers to her many political activities, one of them being her serving as a sponsor for the Cultural and Scientific Conference for World Peace in 1949, a conference that was dominated by Communists and fellow travellers. According to Irving Howe, Hellman collaborated closely with the Party over the years, signing numerous statements and supporting well-known, Communist-front organizations.

No, we cannot grant Hellman unpolitical status, nor can we grant her radical status, unless we define radical as being a Stalinist. And, finally, we cannot even say that she was particularly courageous in her dealings with the Committee, for she too ended up in taking the Fifth Amendment although there was only the slightest chance that the Committee would have sent her to prison for contempt of Congress. Of course it is uncharitable to say such things, but in doing so one is only paying Hellman back in kind, for she is a veritable virtuoso of uncharity. "We are a people," she says, "who do not want to keep much of the past in our heads." Hellman obviously had no trouble putting her self-serving version of the past on paper—no trouble in fathoming the motives of all those who disagreed with her, who acted differently; "they" are all guilty of dishonorable or cowardly behavior whereas she has always—she hastens to assure us—acted with decency. One hopes that this disingenuous and mean-spirited memoir does not become *the* version of the era for many, since the "legend" who wrote this book has only given us a legend. For historical reality we must look elsewhere. □

John Fox

The Reasons for the Red Scare

Why, in the late 1940s and early 1950s, were so many liberals and conservatives afraid of domestic Communists?

In February 1945, the Office of Strategic Services (OSS) accidentally discovered that its most confidential documents were being leaked to a small magazine of Far Eastern affairs, *Amerasia*. Subsequent investigations turned up one of the biggest hauls of secret information in history: some 1,700 documents, from every government department except the FBI. In the *Amerasia* offices was found extensive photocopying equipment, and editor Philip Jaffe's desk was covered with dozens of originals and freshly made copies of the secret material. OSS agents had observed people carrying envelopes and briefcases in and out of the magazine's offices at all hours, and in the office was found one suitcase containing over 400 documents; though originating in a dozen places in government service, they all bore the stamp of the Department of State, showing the documents had been received there.

In his section of the Special Senate Committee report on the case in 1952, Henry Cabot Lodge detailed some of the documents as containing (for 1945) the latest and most sensitive U.S. information on the Far East. Some examples: U.S. bombing targets in Japan; the organization of Japanese naval forces; the disposition of Chinese Nationalist troops; the organization of the Chinese Air Force; U.S. mastery and breakdown of Japanese codes; the location of U.S. submarines in the Pacific; messages from Roosevelt to Chiang Kai-shek; plans for the postwar control of Japan; a report entitled "Changes to Order of Battle of Chinese Army."

Among other pieces of information, the FBI found that an *Amerasia* assistant editor, who was listed in the New York *Social Register*, had visited Moscow in the 1930s to establish a working relationship with the Far East division of the Communist International. And Navy Secretary James Forrestal made this entry in his diary for May 28, 1945:

> ....the Department of Justice has evidence to the effect that Lt. Andrew Roth [a devoted young communist who had been appointed—over opposition—to Naval Intelligence] has been furnishing confidential and secret documents to a man named Jaffe...who has had intimate relationship with the Russian Consul in New York.

The legal development of the *Amerasia* affair is to this day shrouded in mystery. The 1945 prosecution, by Assistant Attorney General James McInerney, demonstrated a certain lack of government eagerness to find Reds under beds. Jaffe and a co-worker received only minor fines, and were charged not with espionage but with being "in illegal possession of Government documents." The case was prosecuted prematurely, amid great internal government feuding. McInerney later testified that the stolen information had been "only a little above the level of teacup gossip in the Far East," but he also said: I think now that Jaffe may have been an espionage agent, which information we did not have at the time." The FBI had surveilled several visits by Jaffe to Earl Browder, chief of the American Communist Party (CPUSA), and at least one each to CP headquarters and the Soviet consulate during a brief span in spring 1945, which information McInerney did have at the time.

What is more, the broader implications of the case are still unresolved. What was the nature of important advice on the Far East being received by the State Department? What were the motives of policy advisers such as John Stewart Service and influential organizations such as the Institute of Pacific Relations? What links were there between the *Amerasia* staff and the Soviet underground? How much valuable intelligence might have been provided to the Chinese Communists at a key juncture in Mao's struggle? It was known to the FBI in 1945, for example, that

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information on the Far East, especially China, was a prime objective of the Communist underground.

The *Amerasia* affair and other scandals in the late 1940s and early 1950s set many intelligent Americans to thinking about the domestic problem of Communism. This problem was not simply that American government (and many areas of American society) seemed to be infiltrated by sympathizers of a foreign regime whose totalitarian horrors were everyday becoming more evident. The problem was also that many American liberals and socialists had espoused the Soviet ideal, and as they gradually recognized the reality of Stalin's enormities, they had to come to psychological terms with what they perceived as their own complicity. Their commitments to Communism had often differed in degree and in sincerity—some were wishful idealists attracted by the vision of a new man; others became cold-blooded agents who passed on Western secrets—but in embracing the Soviet regime, they all had been, in the reluctant words of Leslie Fiedler, "wrong, drastically wrong, about the most important political fact of our time." When liberals put a string of incidents like the *Amerasia* affair together with the purges of the '30s or the Czechoslovak coup of '48, they recoiled with anger from that dwindling group which still cooperated with and abetted Communist machinations.

Thus, the anti-Communist reaction of American liberals after World War II was in part the bittersweet harvest of their radical commitments in the thirties. At issue were fundamental beliefs about human perfectibility, freedom, and justice, and how those beliefs translate into political reality. No appreciation of this complexity, however, is to be found in the revisionist histories which are coming to dominate our shelves and our screens. To judge from Lillian Hellman's *Scoundrel Time*, the Woody Allen film *The Front*, *Hollywood on Trial* (and there will be many more), the Congressional investigating committees, Communist trials, and loyalty boards amounted to no more than hysterical persecution carried out for the basest personal and political gain. The era is depicted as a reign of reactionary terror, buttressed by America's imperialist needs, and in keeping with the nation's wanton omnipotence abroad.

Thus it is that Woody Allen, serio-comic hero of *The Front*, can enjoy his triumphal moment at the end of a film about the Hollywood blacklist by cussing out an inquisitional committee of Congress. The movie, with its caricatured red-hunters and unprincipled partners of the blacklist, gives no hint that the story line may run deeper than Woody's vindication in standing up to these tramplers of individual rights. Thus, too, Garry Wills, in his extraordinary introduction to *Scoundrel Time*, tells us that Harry Truman committed the "original sin" of McCarthyism by ordering the loyalty program of 1947. The reprehensible anti-Communist purges of the State Department, Wills informs us, coincided with America's welcome discovery of a "Total enemy" abroad, which nourished a ravenous military-industrial complex. And the plight of the Lillian Hellmans was ensured, because "after World War II we had a bloated and ideologized FBI, the congressional committees, an internal security program, and the will to make our Truth prevail." Lest there be some doubt as to the U.S. historical achievement, Wills announces: "If power corrupts, we came closer to absolute power, over the world and over our own people's outlook, than any nation had ever come."

Miss Hellman asserts along with Wills that Nixonian and McCarthyite "witch-hunters," who were the real threats to America at this period, developed the Red scare to exploit native fears of socialism and destroy the New Deal. But Hellman visits her easiest scorn on liberal writers and intellectuals of the time who joined the dark forces of anti-Communist reaction. She refers dimly to her die-hard partisanship of the "sins of Stalinism," but still concludes: "Whatever our mistakes, I do not believe we did the country any harm." Of the anti-Communist liberals she says: "I think they did." And she condemns them for still not owning up to their complicity in bringing on Vietnam and the Nixon Presidency.

But if, as Miss Hellman and the film-makers believe, it is the time for remembering and questioning, then why not examine the *reasons* anti-Communism was so often a liberal as well as a conservative phenomenon? Why, for instance, did left-wing organizations like the American Civil Liberties Union and humanitarian groups like the American Jewish Committee drive the Communists from their ranks? What knowledge and experience did the NAACP possess in 1950, when it authorized its board of directors to revoke the charter of any chapter found to be Communist-controlled? Why did American labor fight a bitter and wide-ranging battle to rid itself of Communist influence? Most of the current discussion of the period focuses on the question of civil liberties. This is surely a critical question, but unless we are to believe that thousands of presumably sensate liberals and conservatives in widely separated fields were just tilting at windmills of Nixonian and McCarthyite devising, we need to examine the legitimacy behind postwar fears of a Communist threat to U.S. security and national interests.

Liberal anti-Communists (as well as vast numbers of conservative ones—witness the measure of Alger Hiss' early conservative support after the August 1948 Chambers charges) were not congenital red-hunters. Most of them came to their positions on some evidentiary basis. For many people whose intentions were benign enough, the problem of recognition was one described by George Orwell (a socialist anti-Communist—a logical impossibility for the revisionists) when he wrote in 1940 about that segment of the British Left which still supported Communism:

> To people of that kind such things as purges, secret police, summary executions, imprisonment without trial, etc., etc., are too remote to be terrifying. They can swallow totalitarianism *because* they have no experience of anything except liberalism.

For its knowledge of both Soviet domestic terror and connected worldwide efforts, the West was very often dependent on direct observers like Orwell and on ex-Communists and agents. A notable one of these was General Walter Krivitsky. At the extremity of the purge trials in Russia, in fear of his life and in doubt about the course of the Bolshevik Revolution, Krivitsky fled his post as chief of Soviet Army Intelligence for Western Europe. With a growing number of defectors, Krivitsky began to lay out the story of an interlocking Communist network, based on his close work with the underground apparatus. Portions of his testimony have been disputed, but subsequent events have borne out his statements about the American Communist Party.

As Krivitsky unraveled his story, it became clear that the CPUSA "was more closely connected than any other CP with [the GPU, the predecessor of the KGB] and Intelligence Service." In fact, until the middle of World War II, Soviet intelligence could rely almost exclusively on American Party members and friends to staff its underground agencies in the United States. Soviet authorities were not entirely happy about this practice, which broke normal Party discipline by grouping recruits in cells where they knew one another; the use of amateurs in espionage was thought unprofessional and dangerous should there ever be a major defection or security crackdown. But by taking advantage of a porous New Deal bureaucracy and by identifying the Communist Party with liberal democracy via Popular Front rhetoric, Soviet intelligence was able to make significant inroads into American government. As Krivitsky explained:

> With the thousands of recruits enlisted under the banner of democracy, the Communist Party OGPU espionage ring in the U.S. grew much larger and penetrated previously untouched territory. By carefully concealing their identity Communists found their way into hundreds of key positions. It became possible for Moscow to influence the conduct of officials who would not knowingly approach the Comintern or OGPU with a ten-foot-pole.

As emerged from later Congressional investigations, intelligence gathering, and the testimony of many ex-Communists, the Party was willing and able to provide recruits for all sorts of tasks ordered by the Soviets. In addition to recruits for work abroad as Soviet agents, the Party in great number supplied photographers

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to copy stolen documents, short-wave radio experts, sources of information in vital American industries and government agencies, and couriers for the espionage network. The Party was also happy to perform "essential services" for the Soviets, such as falsifying passports and birth certificates, arranging the transfer of funds, establishing mail drops, and setting up "business covers" for Russian agents in America.

The importance of such revelations was not lost on the Kremlin nor on many Communist sympathizers at the time. Krivitsky had just returned from telling the incredulous British intelligence and diplomatic services about grave Soviet penetration of their ranks when he was found shot in his Washington hotel room in February 1941. It was suspected that Krivitsky was about to reveal Harold "Kim" Philby's real role as double agent in the British Secret Service (twenty-two years before Philby defected and told the world himself), and he was to testify before the House Committee on Un-American Activities (HUAC) two days after his death. Krivitsky was terrified when put on notice that the notorious GPU assassin Hans Bruesse had arrived in the United States.

Lillian Hellman scoffs at the "comic secrecy" of ex-Soviet agents and dismisses their fears of violence; Whittaker Chambers, she says, "sold us a bill of goods on that romantic theme." But their terror was all too real; during these years the GPU had a so-called "mobile brigade" in the U.S. which executed countless enemies as well as known agents of Stalin. It gradually became clear, from the testimony of defectors, that this unit had the active assistance of the American Communist Party in organizational detail and with contacts, as for instance in helping place the ice pick in Leon Trotsky's skull.

Among the salient points that revisionists have failed to address is why there were so few anti-Communists in America until 1947-48. The formulations of the New Left do not allow that the recognition of a Communist problem, domestically and internationally, came gradually to increasing numbers of thinking individuals, through successive shocks to their historical innocence. The Truman loyalty program, for instance, appears as a *deus ex machina* in the revisionist telling of the period, as if the loyalty orders *created*, rather than tried to deal with, the real tragedy.

It was coming to executive attention, before the enactment of the loyalty program, that the late thirties and the war years had been golden days for Soviet intelligence in America. At least three major espionage rings—Ware, Silvermaster, and Perlo—were known to have penetrated the government, and in the mid-forties it was widely bruited about Washington that the Soviet Union had recruited an impressive group of rising young New Deal figures for work that ranged from political and military espionage to the influencing of policy. The suspected (and subsequently documented) activities of well-positioned New Deal officials like Noel Field, Lee Pressman, Harry Dexter White, Lauchlin Currie, Laurence Duggan, Nathan Silvermaster, and Alger Hiss did little to bolster the belief that the United States alone among world governments should have been spared serious breaches of national security.

In the summer of 1945, at the peak of Soviet intelligence success abroad, "vast projects were ripening and hundreds of new agents were being recruited." "It looked as if nothing," historian David Dallin has written in *Soviet Espionage*, "could stop the rapid and successful expansion of the apparat." Then in September, as the Soviets were preparing a major new intelligence cell of about twenty persons in Canada, an obscure cipher clerk defected from the Russian embassy in Ottawa. Igor Gouzenko was careful to take with him reports detailing the activities of one Soviet spy ring, yet Canada still came close to sending him back to his employers. The government in fact took great care not to upset the Soviets, and so delayed release of the astounding material until after the autumn conference of foreign ministers in Moscow and a UN session in London. Echoes of contemporaneous White House sentiment can be heard in what Prime Minister Mackenzie King later told his Commons: "From what I have heard and know about Premier Stalin, I am confident that the Russian leader would not countenance or condone such action in one of his embassies."

American officials were shaken by the deep penetration that Gouzenko's reports revealed to have taken place in all sections of Canadian government. The Americans believed, correctly, that a parallel and larger apparat must then exist in Washington. Such cells gave Moscow virtually open access to U.S. and Western policy plans and secrets during a period of crucial political and technological change (in a single day, for example, the Soviet embassy in Ottawa microfilmed 700 pages of secret data received from one agent). Official fears were hardly quieted when it was found that Colonel Peter Motinov, a key figure in the Canadian network who among other activities had flown to Moscow with samples of the uranium used in U.S. atomic testing, had joined the staff of the Soviet embassy in Washington as military attaché.

What particularly disturbed the U.S. was the discovery of a sophisticated atomic spy ring which by itself justified the years of Soviet underground effort. The atomic network, directed primarily at the United States, was exposed as run from Ottawa, with the two top leaders of the Canadian Communist Party as paid agents. The Gouzenko break was fatal to the atomic espionage group, because it gave investigators a key piece in the international puzzle that led to the exposure of self-confessed atom spy Klaus Fuchs and much of the British network. Also ultimately uncovered was the infiltration of American nuclear research centers by Harry Gold, David Greenglass, the Rosenbergs, and others. But by the time it was uncovered, the three-country network had performed its first and most essential task, by obtaining formulas, designs, and descriptions of instruments and vital explosives and propellants, as well as samples of U-233 and U-235. Russian nuclear technology gained an estimated three-to-four years as a result, making the difference, many analysts have suggested, between a Stalin (*sans* bomb) who backed down in the Berlin air-lift crisis in 1948, and a Stalin confident enough in 1950 to back a North Korean invasion of the South.

In the face of such revelations, American innocence about internal security rapidly fell away, and the government lumbered into action with the first comprehensive and systematic effort to screen federal employees for subversive connections. In light of the continuing scandals about spies and underground agents in government during the next four years especially, Truman's Executive Order for the Loyalty Board (Garry Wills' "original sin" of McCarthyism) may be seen as the effort of a free society to deal with real but largely undelineated threats to its security. The crude and approximate instruments of investigating committees and agents, sometimes recklessly, sometimes responsibly used, may be viewed in the context of the necessary acquisition of basic information on this threat.

By 1950 the ultimate shock of the period had been dealt the American people by the Hiss case and the mass of material flowing from it: a conclusive demonstration that a sizable Soviet spy apparat did indeed operate in vitally sensitive areas of the government. Russian agents and collaborators, with the aid of the CPUSA and U.S. officials, had made their way into the administrative staff of the White House, the State Department, Treasury, Army, Navy, Justice, War Production Board, six Congressional committees, the Office of Strategic Services, the International Monetary Fund, the Government Printing Office, U.S. Information Service, the United

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Nations, and many other bodies. These men had passed large amounts of sensitive information, recommended one another for important posts, and taken part in untold aspects of national and international policy formation and implementation. High-placed aides had undetermined effects on policy. The Morgenthau Plan for the "pastoralization" of Germany after the war, Alger Hiss' attempt to reorganize the State Department so as to give himself vastly more power, catastrophic U.S. concessions to Stalin at Yalta, and the appointment of large numbers of Communists to UN posts on U.S. recommendation, are all areas of government policy possibly affected in the forties, when the rising public servants recruited in the thirties were coming to maturity in government.

In responding to such possibilities, the American government was not nearly so monolithic in its anti-Communism as revisionist historians imagine. Government agencies were not only uncoordinated, they also battled with each other over means and ends. For instance, the Department of Justice, HUAC, and the FBI fought intensely over investigation of the Hiss case from the August 1948 charges by Whittaker Chambers until the mid-December "pumpkin papers" revelations. The Justice Department had sent the FBI after *Chambers*, not Hiss, in an attempt to indict the accuser for perjury. Only in December did Justice give in, telling the FBI in its inquiries to "let the chips fall where they may." The possible motives in this fight are endless, and as with the entire period, more complex and less easily followed than many would now have us believe.

How much of the network was never exposed, it is impossible to tell. The character of the network changed after the mid-forties; the Soviets had by this time stopped using the CPUSA for underground work or recruiting. As was being discovered, neither loyalty programs nor the danger of perjury convictions would sway "professional" agents from their course. And professionals often got what the Soviets wanted. Even after the breaking of the Hiss case, double agent Donald Maclean was first secretary at the British Embassy in Washington, acting as conduit for whatever Moscow needed to know about European defense planning under Eisenhower, NATO's German policy, global atomic strategy, and much else of diplomatic and military importance. "My God," exclaimed Secretary of State Dean Acheson when he learned of Maclean's 1951 defection. "He knows everything!" After the Hiss conviction, when even *Time* magazine was proclaiming the "end of the Red scare," Soviet spy Anthony Burgess was working in the British Embassy in Washington. Moreover, after the decimation of the late forties, the Soviets replenished the underground with more skillful, less spectacular agents like Rudolf Abel, who operated out of New York until exposed in 1956.

That the Communists still had agents where they needed them —in spite of the loyalty programs—was also shown with the breaking of the Coplon case. In December 1948 the FBI learned that the contents of many of its espionage investigations had been going directly to Moscow, which in turn was informing its security agents in the U.S. The FBI traced the leak to the Justice Department, and partially uncovered a ring that included contacts in the departments of Justice, State, Interior, the United Nations, and the Soviet consulate in New York.

A search of Judith Coplon's office in the Foreign Agents Registration Section at Justice disclosed several hundred FBI counter-espionage reports in her desk and file drawers, and in March 1949 she was arrested in New York passing documents to a third secretary of the Soviet Embassy. According to the affidavit of the FBI agent who apprehended her, Coplon was carrying 34 sheets "containing extracts from reports of the FBI relating to Internal Security matters and to suspected espionage agents in the United States." She was also carrying a memorandum reading in part: "I have not been able (and don't think I will) to get the top secret FBI report which I described to Michael on Soviet & Communist Intelligence Activities in the US." Coplon went on to say that she had "breezed through it rapidly," and remembered that it dealt with figures involved in the Hiss case (then in progress).

The appellate court which later reversed Coplon's espionage conviction did not alter the facts of her crime ("Her guilt is plain," wrote Learned Hand in overturning her conviction). The case reveals the circumscription at this time, not of civil liberties, but of official power: the arrests had been made without a search warrant; thus the documents were seized illegally, and the government could not prove that the FBI wiretaps of Coplon's conversations had not "led to any part of the evidence on which she was convicted."

In regard to the Coplon documents as to others mentioned above, we may now argue that a "confidential" stamp does not always a national security risk make. It should be stressed, however, that in every case the taking of such documents constituted *de facto* espionage, and that the Soviet Union in nearly every case brazenly tried to retrieve the secret material. In the words of the Canadian Royal Commission reporting on the Gouzenko affair: "It is clear that the information sought was considered of the greatest importance by the Russian espionage leaders, and that alone might be a fair test on the question of value."

The significance of above- and below-ground Communist work was not lost on the majority of Americans. Many of those who had been close to the CP, for whatever reason, fell silent or became the Party's fiercest enemies. Those not moved by spy scandals or the continuing purges of dissidents in Russia (mirrored in CPs worldwide), may have been affected by the 1939 Nazi-Soviet Pact, and the precipitate swings between violent Communist opposition and comradely support of Roosevelt five times in ten years. Indeed it was the unfolding of a cynical and expansionary Soviet foreign policy which had perhaps the greatest effect on American response to international and domestic Communism.

The Truman Doctrine of aid for Greece and Turkey did not appear "aggressive" to those in the West, ex-Communists and former fellow-travelers among them, who could agree with Czech Communist leader Oldrich John who in 1949 described the Soviet-engineered coup in Czechoslovakia:

> February 1948 was not a decision concerning only our country, but the whole world. At a decisive key position in Europe we achieved a critical shift of the forces of the world.

The "satellization" of Eastern Europe, by means from internal subversion to direct military attack, and Soviet designs on Berlin and other areas, profoundly disturbed those who saw the CPUSA follow every violent swing in Kremlin policy.

In particular, the case of organized labor may throw considerable light on the seriousness with which Communism was (and still is) taken by people who do not hate the New Deal, or love Richard Nixon. The death struggle between pro- and anti-Communists in the Congress of Industrial Organizations (CIO) from 1946-50 parallels that in fields from movie-making to the military at the time. The Party's first responsibility, which was to support and advance the interests of the USSR, in the end made it clash violently with the goals of the vast majority of trade unionists.

Lenin had been particularly anxious to win over the American trade unions, and Communist success in the CIO was a model of Leninist discipline and infiltration. At the height of their power, Communists dominated fifteen of the forty international CIO unions, though they had a numerical strength of less than a tenth of one percent.

As detailed by former organizers, such unions took orders from the CPUSA and ultimately from Moscow. The Communists gained key control of the union movement in industries of vital economic and strategic importance (shipping, transportation, fuel, metal trades). Communist members performed all sorts of Party tasks, aiding in massive industrial espionage in munitions and aircraft (one member testified to having stolen nearly a hundred military diesel engine blueprints of landing craft from General Motors and passed them on to the apparat). They served as couriers for material from the underground, and in the maritime unions, assisted in shipping kidnapped purge victims to Russia, and also helped Soviet agents (e.g., Gerhardt Eisler) flee the country.

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Communist penetration bore political fruit. CP members in the United Electrical Workers Union, for instance, transmitted the latest aircraft designs to Moscow, during the years of its alliance with Hitler. And during the Party's "isolationist" period, there were Communist-led strikes in plants doing defense work, such as North American, Vultee Aircraft, and Allis Chalmers. (As soon as Stalin broke with Hitler, Communist unions swerved to a strikeless "win-the-war" position.)

Upset at the proven loyalties of Communist leaders in critical unions, and at the terrorist methods used to make the labor movement a handmaiden of the Soviet Union, a growing group fought back. The struggle for control revolved around issues of foreign policy: the anti-Communists, who were subject to purges, vilification, and all manner of physical and economic reprisals from the pro-Soviet faction, might have difficulty today accepting the charge that their fears were chimerical.

The CIO held its own hearings into Party infiltration, and a dozen member unions were expelled from its ranks, as when in 1949 the 500,000-strong United Electrical Workers was condemned as "the Communist Party masquerading as a labor union." Communist activity, said the CIO executive board when it drove out four more unions in 1950, "is based upon one fundamental objective—the support of the Soviet Union...the goals of American labor, as stated by the Party, are always found to be those of the Soviet Union."

It was precisely in order to clear Communists and their allies from liberal ranks that organizations like Americans for Democratic Action were born. They sought to combat the confusion and corruption on the Left that came in the wake of Communist penetration. As an early leader of left-wing reaction to CP maneuvers, Reinhold Niebuhr, put it: "I do not believe in the slogan, 'My country, right or wrong'—particularly when it isn't even my country."

The NAACP, CIO, and ADA knew that purges worked both ways, and there could only be one victor. Phillip Murray, one of the anti-Communist leaders of the CIO, was himself the victim of a Communist purge in 1941. William Phillips, the editor of *Partisan Review*, has written:

> I and other writers who had broken with Communism were kept from writing for various journals and prevented from getting not-so-lucrative university jobs because of the pressure and machinations of the Communists.

The CPUSA in fact conducted purges of its own ranks in 1948 to "purify" itself for the fight against the anti-Stalinists. Ideas have consequences, words have meaning, the anti-Communist liberals argued and fought. In responding to committees and to Communists, the problem, as Nathan Glazer recently stated it in *Commentary*,

> ...was the extent to which a real threat to freedom in the world could be divorced from those who at home had defended or were defending or working to advance—for whatever reason—the interests of the tyranny that was the source of this threat.

An anti-Stalinist Norman Cousins stood before the Spring 1949 "Cultural and Scientific Conference for World Peace" at the Waldorf-Astoria, and was booed and hissed for alleging the real consequences of ideas espoused by the delegates to this last Cold War conclave of bitter-end Soviet apologists. He criticized the "small political group" that owed its allegiance and duty "not to America but to an outside government." Amidst an uproar, Lillian Hellman followed, and the gathering, as Garry Wills reports it, "dissolved into laughter" at her chiding of the speaker: "I didn't know until now that one talked about one's host at his dinner table. I recommend my own method, Mr. Cousins, which is to wait until you get home to do it."

Lillian Hellman can still draw an amnesiac laugh, as Woody Allen's schlep-heroic performance can jerk a tear, from the exuberant new revisionist guard which finds nothing in the record to justify a national concern with Communism. The wellspring of Miss Hellman's moral authority is in her defiance of investigating committees and anti-Communist authority in general. Closer examination of her own epic material in *Scoundrel Time*, however, discloses her sizable private trauma to be based on some curious public facts: a reported subpoena to appear before the McCarthy Committee which turned out to be false; a passport which was not denied her, but in fact extended; an allegedly tyrannical HUAC which did not cite her for contempt as it could legally have done, but let her go after some inconclusive questioning.

The issue here is not the indisputable over-reaction, or more aptly, mis-reaction, of much postwar anti-Communist activity. The issue is the nature of Miss Hellman's moral authority, on which she presumes to indict all those who have opposed the Soviet Union at home and abroad. The playwright who refers to mass concentration camps and suppression of intellectuals as "infringements of personal liberty," and nods quickly in the direction of the "sins" of Stalin—tens of millions of deaths and persecutions so much less real to her than her Balmain "testifying dress"—from her we learn "of the shock that came from an unexamined belief... in intellectuals." She goes on to demand bitterly why to this day none of the anti-Communist intellectuals and writers "has stepped forward to admit a mistake."

Miss Hellman's crisis of belief in intellectuals may well be justified, but for radically different reasons. Many on the Left who had devoutly hoped in the Soviet Union *did* "step forward to admit a mistake," which caused them to undergo a number of un-Hellmanlike "shocks." These shocks concern, among other things, the nature of a political idea in a revolutionary century; the recognition that every idea, no matter how liberal, relates to power. The end of innocence came for much of the Left when it was dramatically shown how, in Diana Trilling's line about the Fuchs (and Hiss) case, "the idealistic idea of a single individual placed in the right circumstances can be as strong as an atom bomb." A neglected figure of twentieth-century history, Joseph Stalin, declared in 1935: "It takes a thousand men to build a bridge, but only one to blow it up." When it struck home that individual, committed Stalinists had set about to blow up, by their several means, the imperfect but very real bridges the democratic thousands had built, the United States was forced to face an ancient problem—how free men deal with the enemies of freedom.

The particular and added crisis which beset liberalism, and which by recent evidence appears unresolved, was how to rescue itself from the moral confusion and cynical abuse it had suffered at the hand of the Soviet Communists. It was a danger embodied in the most brilliant traitor of them all, Kim Philby, who wrote after his sensational 1963 defection of "the liberal smokescreen behind which I concealed my real opinions." From his Moscow refuge, Philby smiled at Western naifs puzzled that he "could have maintained such a consistently liberal-intellectual framework unless I had really believed in it."

Revisionists also might pause to ponder what agent Philby, the man who knew more East-West secrets than any other, reveals when he remembers the fifties in his autobiography *My Silent War* (1968): "It was an era of McCarthy in full evil blast. It was also the era of Hiss, Coplon, Fuchs, Gold, Greenglass, and the brave Rosenbergs—not to mention those who are still nameless." →

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The McCarthyism of the Left now gaining momentum steels itself against such testimony. It would rather scorn the call for a responsible relation between political idea and political power, and instead hold to account those who make it. It is now Diana Trilling who meets opposition from publishing houses merely for trying to respond to Lillian Hellman's attacks on her (based largely on references to the Hiss case which are simply wrong). The political symbols have shifted to such a degree that Alger Hiss can stump the college circuit declaring himself "the first victim of McCarthyism," while a Smith College professor with convincing evidence of Hiss' guilt is "disinvited" from campuses once his views are found out.

The hammer blows of the extreme Left are now striking with a political vengeance and historical recklessness displayed by that segment of the Right which gravely blurred political distinctions and abused its temporary hold on power 25 years ago. But in this climate, one Hollywood name on a blacklist overwhelms a slave-labor-camp death on the newly-blessed scales of justice. The hammer blows will continue to strike, pounding down untold nuance and useful study, as long as any faction enjoys a special dispensation from moral adulthood and political responsibility. Which is why it becomes necessary to repeat that history from which intellectuals have most to learn. □

Anthony Harrigan

New York in the Forties: Fragments and Images

We were intent upon the city's splendor, especially those of us who were writers. We wrote richly symbolic poems about the skyscrapers and the cars moving through the city's streets at twilight. It never crossed our minds that the city would become a jungle.

Our New York was both comfortable and consciousness-raising, overwhelming in its exposure to new ideas and safe for our adventures. Its townhouses, parties, parks, and streets were part playground, part stage set, part laboratory for life, part poet's image.

Each generation envisions and experiences a city in a unique way. Time, place, and people—in any world—have an organic unity. Each season possesses a special flavor derived from the mix of people and ideas. The age of a city and the ages of its youthful celebrants and observers produces an inter-action in spirit, a composition in lifestyles. The mood, the mind-set, the dreams and experiences of a generational group constitute something as real as the impact of a work of art.

I recall how it was for our group during one brief interval—1946 and 1947—when New York provided an extraordinary opportunity for discovery. There was nothing menacing then about the life of New York City, nothing hostile, nothing threatening, nothing that evidenced decay or breakdown. On the contrary, life was exceptionally rewarding.

That first summer someone (I believe it was the composer Mark Brunswick) loaned one of our group his splendid old house on Washington Square. We partied all that summer. The doors of the house were open to countless friends and friends of friends—girls from Bennington who were studying modern dance, would-be novelists and painters, aspiring actors and composers. I don't recall any political types. Our group was interested in Proust and Pound, not Marx or Rooseveltian politics.

In the afternoons, we went swimming on Long Island. One night, I recall, we took the El to the Battery, crossed on the ferry to Staten Island, and then traveled across the island to swim in the surf at two o'clock in the morning.

Our group consisted of native New Yorkers (several worlds: Central Park West, the theatre world, and Park Avenue) and others who came from towns and cities in the Middle West and West. I believe I was the only member of the group who had grown up in the South. But several of us had attended Black Mountain College in North Carolina, that curious little experimental college formed by refugees from the Bauhaus School of Design in Germany and other refugees from a tennis college in Florida. We had studied Plato and Machiavelli and Erasmus in a tiny institution without structure or rules, except that of working one day a week on the college garbage truck. When Black Mountain underwent one of its periodic fragmentations, a number of the students transferred to Bard College on the Hudson River above Poughkeepsie.

At Bard, our group cultivated its sensibilities. I wrote poetry for *Furioso* and *Chimera* and other equally obscure journals which, at the time, seemed the most important publications in the world. My adviser was Mary McCarthy, the novelist, but we didn't get on very well. Our Irish temperaments threw up walls across which it was virtually impossible to communicate. We sat under the big trees on the lawn that fall and talked about William Butler Yeats, but got nowhere beyond that. All my friends were writing poems or plays or novels. Jim Merrill brought out his first book of poems, *The Black Swan* in Athens, Greece, and I published the *Ten Poets Anthology*, with early work by Jim Merrill, Fred Buechner, Richard Wilbur, and others. The world seemed to be made up almost exclusively of people who read Rimbaud or analyzed the lyrics of Hart Crane.

The theatre had an important place in our lives. I had a family interest in this as my uncle, Joshua Logan, was a director and producer of major stage hits. Then, for a time, I went with Ellen Adler, daughter of Stella Adler, the very able "Method" actress who had been deeply involved with the Group Theatre in the 1930s. Stella and her husband, Harold Clurman, were very kind to me, though we were a million miles apart in outlook. I don't know what they made of a would-be poet with a Southern upbringing and values. I recall Ellen's grandmother, who also was invariably kind to me, said once to Stella: "He is a nice young man, but he doesn't give Ellen any jewels." At the time, I could barely afford the train fare to my uncle's home on Long Island.

The Adlers encouraged Marlon Brando's stage career. And one freezing winter night our group drove from Bard to Schenectady in an old Chevy with a poor heater to watch Marlon try out in the play

Anthony Harrigan, now executive vice president of the United States Industrial Council, was a poet in the 1940s. He edited and contributed to the Ten Poets Anthology.

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Truckline Cafe. It wasn't a successful performance and the backers, who resembled hoodlums, were very grim when everyone gathered for a drink after the show.

Forty-six and forty-seven were quiet years, though years of personal exploration and discovery for a new generation. Political involvement still lay in the future. The emerging issues of the post-war period were not clear. Bright young people could dream of careers as poets, playwrights, and novelists, not imagining the strife and divisions ahead. All that seemed behind us in World War II. We never thought of ourselves as innocents. And we weren't, in the sense that our minds were influenced by the symbolic literature we admired so much and that many of us had our skills sharpened by very able refugee teachers from Europe. But we were innocent in imagining that the only battles and crises we faced were battles and crises of literary imagination.

New York, in that interval, fitted our mood and outlook. It was clean, safe, and elegant, unmistakably the world capital in a war-wrecked world. It never crossed our minds that the city would become a jungle. We were intent upon the city's splendor, especially those of us who were writers. We wrote richly symbolic poems about the skyscrapers and the cars moving through the city's streets at twilight. For a brief time, New York had a special magic. Then our group dispersed. The country changed as the world changed. The personal discovery process in which we had been engaged in '46 and '47 seemed trivial and irrelevant and very far away. The symbolism of the city also changed with time—from magical opportunity and excitement to decay and disorder.

Separating the thin layers of time and holding each up to the light, recreating a real but finite world on the basis of fragments of memory, is a task for the archaeologist of human values and feeling. It is about all one can do with the bits and pieces of a past that once existed but that is now only a collection of images. □

THE TALKIES

by

Philip Terzian

The Front

By their promotion shall ye know them. So it is with *The Front*. The advertisements for this ostensibly serious treatment of the era of blacklisting show a quizzical Woody Allen peering out from behind his horn-rimmed glasses, inviting us to laugh. And when I saw this film the audience tittered and chuckled hopefully throughout, grasping desperately at evey Allenism (they abound), squeezing them for what they were not. Woody Allen is customarily very funny. *The Front* is not a funny movie, nor is its subject funny even in retrospect. Ergo, this is not a Woody Allen movie. And therein lies a tale.

The McCarthy era, like the 1929 crash, has so conditioned our way of thinking that its details are astonishing in review. Without resorting to liberal hyperbole it is fair to say that the nation was seized by a kind of madness, a crippling bipartisan fear of the junior senator from Wisconsin, not unlike the mouse contemplating the snake. Whatever his peculiar fascination for the press, whatever odd cathartic he supplied for a world-weary America, we were supine under his malevolent leer. And like all subject peoples Americans reacted in surprising and varying ways: how eager we were to dance to the McCarthyite waltz, how willing to suspend judgment, discretion, rationality; how revealing and saddening. Of course, it is sufficient to say that we have come full circle since then—like postwar France it turns out that we were all actually members of the Resistance, just as in later days politicians were always doubtful about Vietnam. It is silly, and hypocritical, but at least demonstrates a kind of coming to the senses.

Movies have not depicted contemporary history for some time—at least not in any thoughtful fashion—and a sober treatment of the early 1950s would be welcome indeed. Instead, *The Front* demonstrates the age-old inclination for revenge, the reduction of a complex matter to a simple-minded passion play. It may be impossible to expect movie-makers to do otherwise, particularly those personally affected. But human behavior is usually a little more mysterious than *The Front* suggests, and motivation much more interesting. Instead, the characters are wholly one-dimensional, even, to use an over-worked word, stereotypical. They are paraded on and off the screen in soldierly drill: the ambitious man wrestling with the remnants of his conscience, the martyred family man, the courageous woman who sees through the shame of it all, the silken-voiced shyster lawyer, the idiot anti-Communist merchant (whom I nearly expected to refer to "Communist preverts"). It would have been nice if, after the passage of so much time, a certain maturity had held sway in the creation of this story, a sense that the lessons are sufficiently self-evident to allow the film to run its own course, and permit the creator to sculpt what a "work of art" should be, and is best able to do.

The plot is so transparent as to be silly, an excusable offense if the film had an inquiring nature, which it does not. The story is its essence, and succeeds only in trivializing the subject. Events proceed without much explanation, minds are changed by painfully obvious incidents. Certain characters are such awkward symbols that it would have been better to hang signs around their necks and save dialogue. Woody Allen plays himself, or at any rate the persona he nurtures, this time in the guise of a restaurant cashier, "fronting" for three scriptwriter friends who have been blacklisted by a television network. The scripts he is supposed to have written are, of course, brilliant, and

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he achieves such renown that he is ultimately hauled before a congressional investigating committee (back when such things were run by the Bad Guys) where, on behalf of his suffering acquaintances, he is uncooperative.

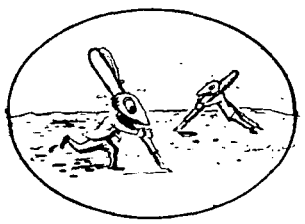
That's it; there isn't any more. There are, of course, obligatory sub-plots, but they have the unmistakable air of having been thrown in to pad things out, in unconsciously typical Hollywood style. A woman producer, for example, falls in love with Allen, and how she is able to reconcile his sensitive prose with the indolent, unlettered slob that he is remains a mystery to the end. Nor does anyone ever bother to inquire how one man manages to churn out the effluvia of three. Or, why is the network so eager to do the bidding of a professional blacklister. Or, why are the victims so ostentatiously Jewish and their tormentors non-Jewish, a state of affairs that must intrigue Roy Cohn and Alger Hiss. The terrible ors accumulate; what is there cannot support what's missing.

Note: This is as good a place as any to mention a persistent annoyance of historical dramas, and *The Front* is a typical offender. The scene, of course, is New York City in the early 1950s, and the designers have gone to considerable lengths to re-create the details of the setting: the clothes, background music, furniture, television commercials, all have been faithfully imitated. Two characters standing on the sidewlk are photographed from afar that we may see the vintage Plymouths in the foreground. And yet, among all this, the solecisms! It is twenty-five years ago and the men are wearing sideburns, their hair tumbling over their ears. Woody Allen claims he has yet to "find himself" but nonetheless enjoys a good "relationship" with the girl—latter-day phrases if ever there were. It's like a Restoration comedy with a score by Wagner. □

AMONG THE INTELLECTUALOIDS

by

J. Whitney Stillman



A Marxist Remembers

What follow are the first-person memoirs of William Bryant Bullitt, the child Marxist, during a vital period of our nation's history—the early 1970s. The political views expressed by Master Bullitt are not necessarily those of the tree they are printed on.

When I was three years old my family moved from Park Avenue, never to return. It was not long afterward that I decided to devote the rest of my life to the cause of Marxist-Leninism.

Few people know or choose to remember the lovely, more gracious Park Avenue of the early 1970s—but for me it seems like yesterday. I had, in my first thirty-six months, come to love life on this street: the strolls with Nanny each afternoon, the lush evergreens on the traffic islands at Christmas time, and the constant whirl of birthday parties, sometimes more than one on a single Saturday afternoon. Besides this there was the proximity to the world's finest toy stores, such as Rappaport's and F.A.O. Schwartz—neither more than a brief taxi ride away.

The move from Park Avenue left a void in my life which Lincoln Logs and Dinky toys could not seem to fill. I began to overeat and go on long walks which, out of regard for the rattlesnakes native to upstate New York forests, I chose to take indoors. One afternoon my walk took me to the large library my father had established in our new house. I was looking for anything which would take my mind from the broad boulevard that had until recently been home. I found the works of Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels and my life was changed forever.

Autumn followed summer and turned into winter, which became spring. This was followed by summer again. It was perhaps the most exciting period of my life. There was the whole literature of Marxism to discover and, my father having attended Harvard, our library was filled with it. I could not fully comprehend all, or perhaps any, of the passages in Marx. Yet leafing through the pages of his books I sensed that finally here was a man who could explain what Nanny and I had been through. And that made things seem a little bit better. I can remember the pleasure of curling up in my father's armchair with a heavy *Das Kapital* in one hand and a cool glass of chocolate milk in the other. Bosco has never tasted so sweet.

At the same time my new political consciousness forced me into an agonizing reappraisal of much that I had previously taken for granted. Hostess Twinkies, I discovered, are manufactured by ITT, which murdered Allende and installed the fascist Pinochet regime in Chile. Walt Disney, a beloved figure to many young people, made his first fortune on the backs of the dwarf miners in *Snow White*. What, too, about Elmer Fudd? One of the most gifted actors of his day, he represented in his roles the working masses, continually exploited by the idle class. However, the studio chiefs finally caught on and today Fudd cannot find a job in the film industry. There has, of course, been no mention in the press of Fudd's case.

II

My Marxist-Leninist studies came to a halt that fall when I was enrolled—without consultation or explanation—in the nursery program at New Windsor Country Day. Nanny was dismissed. Her services had at one time been useful, but now she could be discarded without inconvenience to her employers. Of course, she wasn't asked what would be convenient for her.

At first I considered resisting my parents' plans. The idea of attending a

J. Whitney Stillman works on Park Avenue in New York, but does not live there.

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private day school was mortifying for someone of my revolutionary political convictions. But then I thought better of it. I could accomplish far more working within bourgeois institutions, working "within the system," as liberals say, than I could on the outside. Perhaps I could even build a highly-dedicated Marxist cadre within the ruling class itself.

There was a certain amount of inanity in the nursery program at New Windsor Country Day, but I soon realized that some of the material could be useful for me later on. I was particularly interested in the role of the primary colors, and when Miss Fisher asked us how we get the color green, I was pleased to be able to develop the concept of "synthesis" in front of my classmates. They were impressed and Miss Fisher later reported to my parents that my work in colors had been "Outstanding." When classes ended that June I learned I had been promoted to kindergarten, or pre-primary.

III

In kindergarten, as in nursery school the previous year, I managed to keep my political convictions to myself and my profile generally low. This was not always easy. It meant silently enduring the mindless recesses, with their smug games of catch and kickball. It meant refraining from comment on my classmates' insane desire to eat as much candy as possible or on their parents' virtual obsession with tooth decay, perhaps racist in motivation.

It was, oddly, in art class that my ideological forebearance was most severely tested. Within our class there were two predominant "schools" of painting. Those of the first school invariably portrayed one scene—a house, a tree, the sun, the sky, a man and a woman—in short, the lily-white dream-world of America's racist middle class. The paintings of the second school were almost too disgusting to look at: meaningless worm-like squiggles made by smearing fingers in an oily paint, art which could only be produced in the final stages of a rotting civilization.

Not all my classmates, however, belonged to these two schools. Several, perhaps without realizing it, had followed me to socialist realism, the only valid aesthetic. Some of their efforts were admittedly crude. On the airplanes being shot down, they drew the swastikas in the wrong direction, so that they looked like the Navajo Indian peace symbol. The painting of my own which I liked best represented the battleship Potemkin (not, of course, identified by name) blasting Nazi and Chilean air force bombers out of the sky.

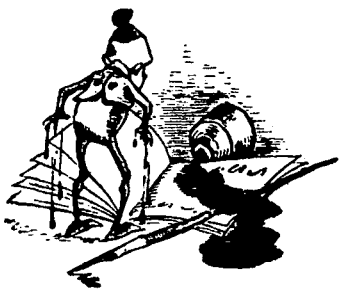
When the artwork of the entire class was put up on display, our realistic drawings attracted considerable attention and some converts. But I am afraid that not everyone knew what we were trying to do.

In June I learned that I had been promoted to the first grade.

IV

A new year started, but I had not forgotten the lessons of pre-primary. The average six-year-old, I realized, had not yet developed an appreciation for the visual arts. It would be impossible to radicalize my classmates by this means. But one branch of artistic endeavor had a tradition of polemical success—the drama. The plays of Maxim Gorky, for example, set the stage for the Russian Revolution. Lillian Hellman's early dramas convinced the West to take a stand against Hitler and Fascism, and a single play by Arthur Miller later stopped Senator Joseph McCarthy from seizing power in the United States.

The First Grade Class Pageant provided the perfect vehicle for a drama of this nature. I set out to write a play for presentation. It was very difficult at first. For days I sat in front of the typewriter with a blank piece of paper staring me in the face. I found it nearly impossible to write that first word, particularly since I



couldn't type. My skill at penmanship was nearly as limited. Finally, a solution presented itself: I would dictate to my elder sister who would set the words down in longhand. As soon as we hit on this scheme everything proceeded rapidly. I had composed the drama in my head so all that remained was to get it down on paper.

My play was accepted for presentation. In a later report to my parents Miss Parsons described it as "outstanding" and she told me that it reminded her of some of the "theatre of fact" docudramas she had seen on television. This is how it went:

Love on Trial
An Amerikan Nightmare

The Scene: A crowded courtroom. The JUDGE is dressed in the black leather uniform of the CIA. He resembles in some respects Senator Joseph McCarthy, but in other ways looks more like William F. Buckley, Gerald Ford, and J. Herbert Hoover. Yet it is clear that he represents Death.

To the left upstage a large kangaroo in dark business attire silently observes the courtroom proceedings.

Two men dressed in blue police uniforms, but with pointed white sheet masks obscuring their faces, lead the first defendant in for sentencing. He is Nicola Sacco.

JUDGE: Nicola Sacco, you have been found guilty of life. By the authority vested in me by the ruling class, you are sentenced to immediate execution.

SACCO: My First Amendment rights are being trampled on. I robbed the payroll not for money but as a symbolic gesture; two men interfered with my free speech and got killed. All I wanted to make was a political statement. Since when's that a crime?

One by one the DEFENDANTS come forward for sentencing. But it is clear that they are guilty of just one thing—life.

ETHEL & JULIUS MEEROPOL: We are completely innocent. First, we did not pass any atomic secrets to the Soviets. Second, they weren't that important anyway. Our job was to pass along the unimportant secrets.

ALGER HISS: First, Richard Nixon is guilty. Second, I am innocent. Third, the Massachusetts Bar Association readmitted me. Fourth, I am innocent. Fifth, Whittaker Chambers was obese. Sixth, I am innocent.

LENNY BRUCE: American society killed me as surely as if Gerald Ford pushed the needle in himself.

LADY CHATTERLEY: Yes, I shared my love with another human being. Is that a crime? America was afraid of my love.

A WHALE: American society killed me as surely as if Susan Ford threw the harpoon herself.

E. FUDD: My cawewa has been wuined. Because of the bwack list no studio will hiwe me. I might as well be dead. Amewica was afwaid of my dwamatic awtistwy.

FIELD MARSHAL CINQUE: The rich are different from you and me. Patricia was not a kind person—she smashed up things and creatures and then retreated back into her money and carelessness, or whatever it was, and let other people clean up the mess. Patricia was afraid of my love.

The DEFENDANTS are led offstage where their sentences will be executed. For a time after they have exited there is complete silence, then from offstage comes a raucous sound. It is ETHEL & JULIUS MEEROPOL, dying unquietly.

The End

The pageant made an enormous impact on my schoolmates, far exceeding what one would expect for what was, after all, only a brief drama. But, for the first time, America had been shown to them in its true light. Most remarkable was the effect of the pageant on the school principal, Mr. Perkins, an ordained Episcopal clergyman. After the emotional ovation for the play began to subside, Mr. Perkins walked up to the front of the auditorium, visibly crying. It was nearly a minute before he

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got his own emotions sufficiently under control to try to quiet the audience.

"Friends," he said, "friends, I find it incredible that a trial like this could actually have taken place in the United States. After what we have just witnessed it would be impossible to continue in good conscience with business as usual. I have therefore decided to declare tomorrow Attica Day. We will turn the tables and put America on trial. The FBI, CIA, and big business must be held accountable for their actions. This trial was a farce. There is no crime in love—it's what Christianity is all about."

Mr. Perkins asked me to address the school at morning assembly on Attica Day.

"I look out on a room of well-fed white faces," I said. "But most children in the world are neither well-fed nor white. In Vietnam children go to school hungry because America has never sent the aid it agreed to under the Paris Peace Accords. The Vietnamese children also happen not to be white—but that will have to come later. The important thing now is that the United States halt its blatant disregard of treaty commitments. The killing has got to stop."

I asked the student body to join me in a fast through recess, so that the money usually spent for our milk and crackers could be sent to the school children in Vietnam.

Mr. Perkins took the podium after me and proposed that the usual school election procedures be waived temporarily, so that an immediate vote might be taken for school president. A group of fourth graders objected against this, but they were overruled and I was elected nearly unanimously.

The next Monday I learned that the leader of the fourth grade group had died in a tennis accident over the weekend.

V

The New Windsor Country Day production of *Love on Trial* was one of the turning points in my life. A week after its first performance CBS bought the television rights to the script and broadcast an expanded version of it as part of their docudrama "theatre of fact" series. WNET, Channel 13 in New York, saw the educational potential for the show and arranged to have it repeated several times by the Public Broadcasting Service. Over 300 colleges and 750 nursery schools offered courses for credit based on the show, using educational materials prepared by me and distributed through public television stations. My work in preparation for the documentary won me the Fair Play for Cuba & the Meeropols Committee's Herbert Matthews Award for Historical Excellence, as well as a special citation from the Sidney Hillman Foundation.

Job offers also poured in. The Maryknoll Fathers asked me to be story consultant on their weekly drama series, and Dalton Trumbo flew me to Forest Lawn to consult with him on the script for a new movie patterned somewhat along the lines of *Z*. The film will reveal that the lone Dutch Communist believed to have set the Reichstag fire in 1933 was actually a CIA agent in the employ of a group of right-wing Texas billionaires.

The greatest honor that came to me as a result of my new position was an invitation to have dinner at the home of Senator and Mrs. Mike Mansfield. Probably more than any other individual Senator Mansfield was responsible for stopping the suffering in Cambodia in the spring of 1975. I was doubly pleased to find Senator Dick Clark of Iowa at the Mansfields' when I arrived. Senator Clark was instrumental in stopping the suffering in Angola early in 1976 and he is also the host of *American Bandstand*, my favorite television show.

Our conversation naturally drifted to the question of what to do about Britain, which the Soviet Union had pledged to occupy unless Mrs. Thatcher and Mr. Jenkins

were immediately handed over.

"I don't think there is anything we can do," Senator Clark said. "If Britain were a democracy it would be different, but I don't see how we can send Americans over to shed their blood defending a country which isn't even democratic."

For the sake of discussion, I asked them if there were any circumstances under which the United States should go to war to defend Britain.

"If the Queen resigned so that free elections could be held and a coalition government formed," Senator Mansfield said, "we would have to reconsider aid. But it's too late for that.

"This is basically a tribal conflict. Some Britons side more with the Soviet Union, others with the Western nations. It is their decision, not ours.

"After all," Senator Mansfield said, smiling, "if the Russians want to have a Vietnam of their own, who are we to stop them?"

"It would be a mistake to see England as strategically important," Senator Clark pointed out. "It used to have valuable rock musician supplies, but they're all over here now. I've had them on my show."

"And we don't want to prolong the suffering," Senator Mansfield added. "That's the main thing."

Washington dinner parties tend to run late and it was way past my bedtime. I must have fallen asleep during the dessert course because the next thing I can remember is Mrs. Mansfield waking me in their second-floor guest room so that I could brush my teeth before going to bed. She had apparently carried me upstairs from the dining room. Fortunately I had put my flannel pajamas in the bookbag I brought with me to the Capital. Mrs. Mansfield stayed to tuck me in, but I stopped her when she started to sing a lullaby.

"Just because I'm a Communist," I told her, "doesn't mean I'm a sissy."

It was not long afterward that I had my first opportunity to prove that statement.

VI

Faith Hussy was one of the most beautiful and talented leaders of the women's movement. She would, in fact, have been considered beautiful and talented among any group of women anywhere in the world. Perhaps she seemed particularly lovely to me since she was in her late twenties, just like my mother.

I met Faith in the green room of the Tonight Show. Johnny likes to reserve the last seven or eight minutes of his show as a kind of intellectual forum, and both of us were scheduled to be on then. (The Tonight Show is telecast sometime after 9 P.M.—way past my bedtime. But it is actually recorded earlier. I took a long nap earlier in the day to ensure that I wouldn't be tired for the show.)

After we had chatted for fifteen minutes, Faith asked me whether I would advise her on a matter she had some concern about.

"Ordinarily," she said, "I just wear blue jeans and work shirts. But when I learned I was going to be on the show tonight I went out and bought this dress. You're known to be a dedicated Marxist. Do you think it's decadent for me to wear the dress?"

"Actually," I told her, "there is nothing in Marx which says that women shouldn't wear dresses. In fact, it is doubtful whether Mrs. Marx ever wore jeans, or even knew what they were."

Faith was relieved to hear this and continued to talk to me confidingly.

"Johnny sort of scares me. Whenever I'm around anyone as self-absorbed as he is my palms start to sweat."

"What you need is a good antiperspirant. There is nothing in Marx which says that women shouldn't use antiperspirants."

After the show Faith and I split a cab heading back toward L.A. She asked me whether I'd like to stop off at her apartment.

"I'm out of Bosco," she said, "but if you don't mind Cocoa Marsh I could offer you a glass of chocolate milk."

"I could sure use one."

When we arrived at her apartment Faith

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made me my drink and then asked me to excuse her for a moment.

She returned wearing something more comfortable and sat down next to me on her sofa.

"There can't be true liberation for women without Marxism," she said. "Only in a socialist society will men and women have real equality."

"That's true, but even in a Marxist society some basic differences will remain. Women, for instance, will always have cooties; men will always have fleas. These differences are biological. Please don't sit so close to me."

Later, in the cab heading back to my hotel, a deep feeling of loneliness overcame me. Someday I would marry, I decided, but not until elementary school was behind me. And, most importantly, not until I found a girl who was politically correct—if there even was such a person.

Bel Air seemed particularly beautiful that night, yet I knew that behind the beauty lay centuries of oppression. Capitalism is beautiful yet it must be destroyed. This thought was still on my mind when I woke up the following morning.

VII

Upon my arrival at Kennedy Airport in New York I was flown by helicopter to the Southampton, Long Island, home of DeWitt Clinton Straus, the wealthy young Manhattan state senator. The Strauses were giving a garden party to benefit the migrant potato workers, who had recently been organized by the Newspaper Guild, and I was the guest of honor.

Shortly after I got to the party Mrs. Straus took me aside and asked me whether I would advise her on something she had been concerned about.

"My husband's real name isn't Straus. He changed it before going into politics. You're known to be a dedicated Marxist. Do you think it's decadent to change one's name?"

"There is nothing decadent in name-changing," I said. "Lenin himself changed his name, which was originally Ulyanov. Of course, the real Strauses might feel differently."

The next person I spoke with at the party was David Swanson, the Newspaper Guild organizer.

"Some people think it's incongruous that we should be organizing the potato workers," he said. "But actually the two fields aren't that different. Besides, there aren't many large metropolitan dailies anymore."

"I can't imagine how anyone could bear picking potatoes for a living," Warren Maine, the Hollywood hairstylist, said. "It's frightening."

"You've got it completely wrong," I told him. "It's not frightening that some people have to pick potatoes, it's frightening that some people will go through life without ever having to pick potatoes. That's what's really disgusting and that's what we've got to change."

In the middle of the garden was a banquet table heaped with all sorts of rare hors d'oeuvres. I don't much like that kind of food myself and conspicuous consumption ordinarily disgusts me. But the potato workers have a just cause, so I thought I might compliment Mrs. Straus on the opulence of the food display. She was in a much better mood and giggled at my remark.

"What's impressive is that it was all bought with food stamps," she said. "I have a friend in the department of welfare. He gets me unemployment, too."

Mrs. Straus seemed to be eating a concoction of chicken livers mixed with fudge whirl ice cream. I couldn't help staring at it.

"Yes," she said as if answering a question, "I am expecting a child in December. I considered abortion, of course, but felt that a successful pregnancy might be an important growth experience, both for me and for the child."

Flying back from Southampton after the party and passing over one potato field after another, it was impossible not to think of the men and women sentenced by the capitalist system to cultivate them. Spuds in the morning, spuds at midday, and spuds in the afternoon. And what did tomorrow promise them? More spuds.

As the helicopter approached New York, the fields were left behind, but I already knew I would never be able to play "Mr. Potato Head" with equanimity again.

VIII

In September I returned to New Windsor to begin my studies as a member of the Second Grade. After weeks on the road, there's something awfully relaxing about sitting in a chair which allows one's feet to touch the ground. Our second grade homeroom was new, but the faces remained the same. What impressed me most was the tremendous idealism of the young people, the majority of whom were, like myself, between six and seven years old. They were remarkably receptive to new ideas—indeed, for them, new ideas were about the only kind. These contemporaries accepted without question the analysis of the American class system included in my essay on the assigned topic, "What I Did During Summer Vacation." The essentially Marxist arguments made a tremendous impression on them, to the point where, in several weeks, many had become militant proponents of radical social change.

One by one the October days passed. The month was nearing an end and still no improvement came. It was then that we hatched our plan. On Saturday morning my parents, and those of twenty-three classmates, awoke to find a message like this on their kitchen tables:

I have left and will not return until American society is radically restructured. Don't try to follow me.

Signed,
Will

P.S. Please feed Fala. He hasn't been out yet and needs a bath.

As planned, we all met in the glen in the woods behind school. Several hours passed, but nothing happened. We ate our sandwiches—still nothing. I wondered whether our parents had seen the notes. The resolve of some of my classmates began to weaken. They wanted to quit. I knew that if we could only hold out for another month we really might accomplish something. Some did leave, and more time passed. It was now afternoon.

From below us in the glen came the sound of a man calling. At first it was hard to distinguish the words, but then we made out the refrain, "Yoo-hoo, friends." Suddenly our school principal, Mr. Perkins, stepped into the clearing, smiling broadly when he saw us—a trait which remained from his days as a practicing Episcopal clergyman. After a pause to catch his breath he told us this:

"Will, friends, I sympathize with what you are trying to accomplish. It is good to want to help the underprivileged, but this is not the way to go about it. You must work within the system. That is the only way our society will be restructured. In only a little more than ten years all of you will have the vote. I beg you: come back and together let's work to make this a better world. We all miss you, please come home."

After a brief discussion we decided that it would be most effective to work within the system, at least for the time being. The vote was to return to our homes on a provisional basis and give it a try.

IX

After my return later that afternoon, my father, in an uncharacteristcially subdued mood, asked me to join him in the library.

"William," he said, "your mother and I know how upset you were by our move from Park Avenue four years ago. We didn't explain the circumstances to you then because we didn't think you would understand. We were wrong. We should have told you. Then you might not have

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taken it so hard and blamed yourself.

"A year before you were born I invested a large sum of money in a company called National Student Marketing. I have always been interested in helping students and this company gave them the chance to work their way through school. The world's future lies in the hands of young people. It's essential that they develop to their fullest potential—this is the only way we will ever have world peace.

"I have never regretted putting my faith in young people or trying to give them a break. But the rewards are not always tangible. National Student Marketing failed, but it was a worthy investment, even if a loss.

"One stock market reverse did not dry up my sense of compassion. A company called Ling-Temco-Vought had an exciting plan to develop learning machines for school use. I made a large investment in their firm to support this experimentation. Unfortunately, the plans were too advanced and the company failed. This was no one's fault. I don't regret the investment since it was a worthy project which, had it been successful, would have greatly advanced world peace.

"Because of these financial setbacks we were obliged to sell the Park Avenue apartment. Your mother and I could not turn a deaf ear to our consciences, even if it meant the loss of some luxuries. I hope that you can now better understand our decision to leave New York."

Hearing my father's explanation of these past events was like having a huge stone lifted off my chest. The misfortunes which Nanny and I had had to face were part of events much larger than ourselves, with world peace as the goal. It is too bad that my parents were too bourgeois to see that the world will only be at peace when it is united under the red flag.

It was nearly 4:30, so I prepared an Ovaltine to take to the playroom in time for "Satellite Six," an anthology of top American cartoons shown on Channel 6, WRGB, in Schenectady. During the commercials I plan to take a look at a book by a writer named Sigmund Freud. I hope that it is interesting. *New Windsor, N.Y.*
October 1976

E. Uhr

The Imperial Kilowatt

Power corrupts. Electric power corrupts electrically.

Although the country's leaders have paid continual lip service to Project Independence from Arab oil, no one seems the least bit interested in the insidious dependence of the individual citizen on electric power. It took the Great Midwest Ice Storm of March '76 to make most of us realize that our daily lives, indeed our very survival, now require an uninterrupted flow of power.

Until then we had looked on the electric company as a monopolistic and polluting enemy, and the overhead grid of wires was nothing more than a nuisance to be peered through whenever we happened to look up for ornithological, meteorological, astronomical, or psychological reasons.

When the first ice-laden lines started crashing down it seemed rather romantic. Dinner by candlelight; reading in bed by flashlight. An ecological happening! Nobody realized that the furnaces would all go out. Oil, gas, electric, coal—it didn't matter what the fuel was—they're all connected to thermostats and blowers and God knows what else that runs on electricity, so when the current goes off, there's no heat. And the temperature dropped to fifteen degrees.

No heat meant that while things were getting soft in the freezer they were getting hard in the pipes, and that could mean burst pipes, because of water's peculiar tendency to expand when it freezes. The only solution was to shut off the water and drain the pipes, which of course meant doing without water, which, it turned out, everyone would have to do without anyway because the city's pumps were all electrically operated. In addition to the inconvenience of no water for drinking, cooking, washing, or flushing, the pipes and toilets filled with noxious fumes and more substantial matter as the sewers, abhorring a vacuum, backed into the empty plumbing.

Inside the rapidly chilling houses, tropical plants drooped, tropical birds shivered, tropical fish died (more from having their aerators shut off than from cold). People huddled in close-to-useless electric blankets. Others, luckier ones, hopped around in sleeping bags like contestants who had gotten off course in a potato-sack race.

When life at home became unbearable, citizens turned to their cars. Cars are, after all, the seventh wonder of the world—completely autonomous units with heat, light, radio, and motion. The family piled in: to drive around a bit to thaw their toes, get the latest news, and maybe find an open restaurant and grab a bite to eat. Surely McDonalds had its own generator. But there were snags. Many people found they couldn't get their cars out of their garages. There is no way to open an electrically operated garage door manually: like electric typewriters, computers, phonographs, elevators, hair dryers, waffle irons, and television sets, they either run on current or they don't run at all. And those who made it to the street didn't get far. The roads were solid ice. Tree limbs were crashing all about, eerie blue flashes from short-circuited wires lit up the sky like lightning, and the wires themselves, live and writhing, lay across the streets. There were no street lights or traffic signals. And there was no place to go.

People with gas stoves and ovens, some of them, could at least cook their food for those candlelight dinners. The rest of the population ate it cold and raw. Even eating from a can was impossible for those who had only electrically operated can openers.

And if you happened to be out of food, tough luck! You couldn't buy a thing at the supermarkets. Not without cash registers! Though a few compassionate grocers toted up bills on the sides of brown bags, most wouldn't, even if they could do the arithmetic, because they were dependent on their machines for bookkeeping and inventory. Elsewhere, it was generally observed that candlelight is difficult to see by and fireplaces give off very little heat.

The electric company made a door-to-door survey to find the extent of the damage. They came away complacently thinking the outages had been exaggerated because everyone who answered his doorbell turned out to have electricity.

When the power finally came back on, block by block, it was like the lifting of a siege. People screamed, cheered, danced in the streets. A few of them went out and bought Franklin stoves and Coleman lamps. And everyone looks up at those overhead wires now with respect, and awe, and fear. □

E. Uhr writes from Madison, Wisconsin.

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Hugh Kenner

The Poet and the Pirate

A special book review of Ezra Pound: The Last Rower, *a political biography by C. David Heymann (The Viking Press, $12.50).*

Pound comes to the reader of this book refracted through curious habits of Mr. Heymann's which we'd better inspect. Here's what he tells us about his title:

I remembered reading some place a quotation by Jean Cocteau. He had called Pound "a rower on the river of the dead"—"un rameur sur le fleuve des morts." The Last Rower: it is the Ulysses image in its peculiarly American form—"that non-Homeric, romanticized figure out of Dante by way of Tennyson which so spectacularly haunts the imagination of Ezra Pound."

Start by casting an innocent eye. You note pure *Time*-coverese, though at *Time* a copy-editor's eye would have caught "quotation by Jean Cocteau" and emended "by" to "from"; writers don't compose quotations, they get quoted. What Cocteau may have meant doesn't matter; Pound the Rower is a luscious mortuary phrase, which Mr. Heymann proceeds to improve by contributing "Last." He then tells us it is the Ulysses image (though Ulysses the seafarer rowed no rivers); moreover, "the Ulysses image in its purely American form." (But think of some other Americans whom it fits? I can't.) Then ground is touched, a 20-word quotation which a footnote assigns to Leslie Fiedler. Fiedler has done more for the cadence of the Heymann sentence than for the articulation of a guiding sense. From the passage as a whole one gathers that Mr. Heymann intuits the magnitude of his theme. You'd be hard put to say what else you gather.

Unless, that is, you happen to have available Vittorugo Contino's *Ezra Pound in Italy*, published in Venice in 1970 and unlikely to be consulted by American promotion committees. There we find Pound's answers to the questions of a young Sicilian poet, Vanni Ronsisvalle, notably: "Cocteau called me the rower on the river of the dead: 'le rameur sur la fleuve des morts'; it is sad to look back." Though this switches the gender of "fleuve," may it still perhaps be what Mr. Heymann "remembered reading some place"? It may indeed; the reader of both books cannot but be struck by insistent similarities between the coda of *The Last Rower*, which purports to be a 1971 interview Mr. Heymann secured with Pound, and Pound's words to Ronsisvalle, published in 1970:

Heymann:

"You ask about my London and Paris friends—Joyce, Hemingway, Brancusi, Eliot. When I was in Zurich in the winter of 1967 I saw Joyce's bare grave—Joyce's name with Nora's sat in a corner of the cemetery, the names nearly illegible on a stone hidden in the grass....

"Hemingway never disappointed me....

"Brancusi seemed to me a saint...I said as much in *Guide to Kulchur*.... Le Musee de l'Art Moderne in Paris contains much of his work, but I would like to see his 'Table of Silence' in Rumania...."

Ronsisvalle:

"When I was in Zurich in the winter of '67 I saw Joyce's bare grave—other graves had little Christmas trees and wreathes with candles as is the custom there. Joyce's name with Nora's nearly illegible on a stone hidden in the grass....

"You ask about my Paris friends in the 1920s: Brancusi, Joyce, Hemingway. Stein, whom you mention, I knew very slightly.

"Brancusi seemed to me a saint, he is first in my list of values in 'Guide to Kulcher.' I want to see his Table of Silence, a venetian friend has offered to take me to Roumania to see it.

"Hemingway did not disappoint me."

Mr. Heymann also offers this dialogue:

"You still manage to do a good deal of traveling," I suggested to Pound.

"No," he answered. "I haven't really done much travelling—in fact, I have stayed put for years at a time. I don't see that restlessness is necessary."

"For artists?"

"For anyone."

With which compare:

To Ronsisvalle's supposition that he had travelled a great deal:

"I have not done much travelling, in fact I have stayed put for years at a time. I don't see that restlessness is necessary for artists or for anyone."

Add what claims to be a statement from Olga Rudge to Heymann, "Ezra might seem detached and no longer interested, but he follows everything, nothing escapes him. Think of an automobile with its engine idling—it doesn't run but all its parts are moving"; reflect on the improbability of Miss Rudge (if you've met her) saying "might" where "may" is meant, compare the more grammatical version in the Contino book: "You see, E.P. may seem detached, no longer interested, on the contrary he follows everything; think of an automobile with the motor running, it is not moving but it is functioning"; ponder what purport to be Pound's last 1971 words to Heymann, introduced with a great pother of descriptive atmospherics—"It is sad...very sad to look back," and their analogy with his words to Ronsisvalle just after the Cocteau citation, "It is sad to look back"; note finally the virtual identity between what Heymann says Pound said about Eliot and what Pound wrote in the Eliot Memorial Issue of the *Sewanee Review*, even to a phrase he wouldn't have *spoken* ("instead: Westminster Abbey"): and confront your awakened doubts about how much of the Heymann "interview" with Ezra Pound (by 1970 a virtual non-speaker) ever occurred.

Your doubts are accentuated in the narrative portion of the book, especially if you've written on the subject yourself and find your own sentences coming back refracted as though by deep water. William Chace in *Contemporary Literature* (Autumn '76) has exemplified with parallel passages Mr. Heymann's habit of lifting, slightly modified, the words and the rhetorical patterns of the people who did the work. I'll bypass the issue of quasi-plagiarism and concentrate on the pattern of modification, which is after all what exerts pressure on a naive reader.

Nothing in Mr. Heymann's sensibility prompts him to retouch a sentence that has acquired a little blurred patch. You even suspect that he rather fancies those blurs, so freely does he impart them to the sentences of others. →

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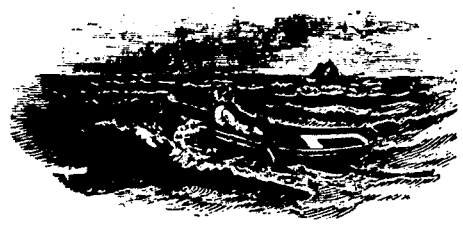
The poet "was to spend much of the next two decades putting the facts he had been taught in school together again" in a chronometrical pattern of his own design....

"Chronometrical," evoking the chronometer: what does *that* mean? Some ultra-fussiness about dates? No, it's just a fancy substitute for "historical," as you may learn by checking back to the source to which Mr. Heymann duly credits the quoted part of his sentence. If there's a difference between "chronometrical" and "historical," we may guess that our author doesn't much care about it.

And what does "cloying" mean here? "He had $80 in his pocket, a manuscript of poems, the cloying desire to see those poems in print...." *Cloy*, says Merriam-Webster, "to satisfy or fill to capacity or to excess, as the appetite." The one thing that cloys a desire is its excessive gratification, but since at the moment in question the young Pound wasn't seeing his poems in print at all, that can't be what is meant.

Again: "And at San Zeno (Verona), looming in the semi-darkness, the coveted signed column, luminous in its detail...." The *coveted* signed column: are we to imagine Pound wishing he could chop that stone shaft out of San Zeno and take it home? No, the word is just wrong. The column was admired, yes; meditated on, yes; its existence was repeatedly cited, yes; but coveted it was not. And the context in which Pound cited it—Canto 45, for instance—will generally imply a rebuke of covetousness. Here as so often a vaguely apposite word has been thrown in the general direction of a sentence judged in need of some intensification.

A tiny point, one word, but Ezra Pound taught three generations to watch single words.



Watching Mr. Heymann's way with them, one grows aware of the need he feels to be vivid, to intensify, to lend something personal to accounts of events that were after all before his time (he is 31) and have had to be reconstructed from the narratives of others. In the little modifications that Heymannize a borrowing, facts sometimes go wrong as well as epithets; T.E. Lawrence (of Arabia) for instance is converted into D.H. Lawrence (of Nottingham and Taos). Or errors creep in when borrowing isn't in question, as when Heymann complains of Pound's "desultory examination of Socrates' *Ethics*" (read "Aristotle's"; Socrates wrote no book), or evokes "gondolas in drydock in the vast Piazza San Marco," which is akin to finding skiffs drydocked in Times Square.

To say that there are Poundian lessons Mr. Heymann hasn't absorbed—about watching single words, about leaving blanks for what you don't know—is also, alas, to say that the book's usefulness is impaired. For in addition to what he reprocessed from the books of others, Mr. Heymann had a rich lode of material which he was the first writer to see, the FBI files on the "Pound case," and his hold on this is impaired by a certain vagueness about his man. The material is laid before us, many pages of it, wholly new information about the distressing frenzies of those years: Pound's involvement with hierarchies of Italian officials, his broadcasts over Rome radio, his efforts to play economic adviser to the short-lived Salò Republic, his rantings about bankers and race, his arrest, detention at Genoa, imprisonment near Pisa, ambiguous incarceration in Washington.

It is this new material, Mr. Heymann well understands, that justifies his writing about Pound at all, and it all pertains to Pound at less than his best, sometimes at a worst we can barely comprehend. To understand it at all, the reader needs a more accurate sense of Pound at his best than Mr. Heymann's reader is likely to take away. The Good Pound of *The Last Rower*—Pound the poet—is blurry and at his best a nature mystic. The Bad Pound by contrast is merely mad.

But the poet's mind entertained an intricate dance of sharply perceived and discriminated identities, and only when you're comfortable with that fact can you accept what Mr. Heymann intermittently recognizes but finds baffling—the survival of Pound's best through his worst period, its near-total availability to his talents whenever he collected his attention properly. The man who wrote the *Pisan Cantos* was the same who had been delivering the broadcasts, and the *Cantos* were possible, including their finest pages, not because he could cut his aesthetics loose from his morals but because they were always continuous.

The story begins with Douglasite economics, which unluckily enters Mr. Heymann's narrative on one of those pages where inattention to words is contaminating substance. I'll need a long excerpt:

Preparing an autobiographical sketch for the 1949 edition of the *Selected Poems of Ezra Pound*, the author expostulated: "1918 began investigation of causes of war, to oppose same."

Soon after his initial inquiry, he discovered a root cause—or so he thought. Late in 1918, in the offices of A.R. Orage's *The New Age*, Pound encountered Major Clifford Hugh Douglas, formerly chief construction engineer of the British Westinghouse Company in India, and the "inventor" of a new system of economics, called Social Credit. To Douglas's mind, both war and lack of money had been caused by financiers' manipulations—usury—and his mathematically drawn panacea, or at least the main one, called for the distribution through central banks of national dividends. Pound was easily convinced.

Setting aside the inaccuracy of "expostulated," one discovers more innocent wrongness here than is compatible with the establishment of a base to triangulate from. Douglas in 1918 had not "invented" a "system," he was offering a diagnosis. He was trying to explain why systems of production never seemed to distribute enough purchasing power to buy back the product, a fact that was highlighted by the widespread prosperity discernible during wartime, when a considerable fraction of the product didn't need buying back because it got destroyed. (This was pertinent to the *causes* of wars because it seemed evident that Britain and Germany had gotten onto a collision course out of competition for foreign markets, and the question to be answered was why foreign markets were needed: why the home market was always underfinanced.)

His diagnosis did not indict "financiers' manipulations," but rather what he took to be a fallacy that inhered in the accounting system, and would have caused chronic shortages of money no matter who operated the system. Nor were "central banks" the mainspring of his remedy; "Centralized financial credit-control," he wrote in *Credit-Power and Democracy*, "will break up this civilization, since no man, or body of men, however elected, can represent the detailed desires of any other man, or body of men."

In fact the proposals of Douglas entail such a degree of decentralization, such a maximizing of personal freedom, that believing he means what he says can seem almost insuperably difficult. We are simply unaccustomed to problem-solving that doesn't entail centralization of power. Thus Earle Davis in his *Vision Fugitive: Ezra Pound and Economics* (1968) muddles himself through supposing that Douglas must have meant something like the New Deal (which makes Pound's opposition to Roosevelt an insoluble problem). Charles Norman, Pound's first biographer, likewise couldn't believe that Douglas, so far as he made sense, wasn't just Marx in different language, Marx being the only kind of economic radical Norman could conceive of.

Nor, ironically, was Pound himself more lucky. Douglas, he perceived, had formulated a principle, a description of how money seemed to operate inside an economic system. If true, this principle resembled Clerk Maxwell's electromagnetic equations, the theory on which something practical could be constructed, to the great liberation of mankind. It was in quest of that practical implementation that he turned his eyes toward Mussolini, ignoring Douglas' warnings about centralized power. ("Politics," he wrote in 1933, "might mean: capacity for getting action on Douglas's ideas.")

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I'll linger briefly with the Maxwell analogy. Maxwell's equations, we may say, made radio possible. For millennia, before Marconi, the range of the human voice had been restricted to the circle a man could fill by shouting. Afterwards, a whisper in London could be heard in Seattle. But the laws Maxwell formulated were active in the universe before he formulated them, and studies of acoustics in free air remained valid after Marconi had liberated the carrying-power of the voice from their domain.

Similarly, there was no intrinsic naiveté in supposing, as Pound did, that Douglas had reduced to law, in his "A + B Theorem," something that had always been the case but had gone unnoticed. And it was no affront to the competence of Adam Smith, let alone of traditional wisdom, to suppose that, given this new understanding, the system of production and exchange need no longer be damped down by the scarcity whose working Smith analyzed. New technology follows new principles, and Douglas seemed to have made a new principle available in showing why the operative scarcity is apt to be a scarcity of money, not of goods.*

At any rate, Pound was impatient. Douglas was trying to guide a political party in England, and Pound had a radical suspicion of British institutions, adapted as they were to defusing anything novel. That was one reason he thought that Mussolini's Italy offered more hope. Another was his reading of Mussolini himself: Mussolini seemed in many ways a 19th-century American type: the man who got things accomplished. And Pound's understanding of the Italian Renaissance had been shaped in his young manhood by the Swiss historian Burckhardt, the first chapter of whose key book was entitled "The State as Work of Art." Mussolini seemed to fit the artist's role.

By the 1930s another of Pound's American vectors was operative: his Puritanism, which coupled the generous assumption that by paying attention anyone of good will could understand anything important, with the corollary suspicion that failure to understand might connote something worse than inattention: might connote impurity of will. Hence two complementary extremes: his diatribes against statesmen who showed no sign of understanding, and his increasing susceptibility to the notion that by holding their attention during a quarter-hour audience he could put Social Credit across. His quixotic trip to America in 1939, hoping to get Roosevelt's ear and prevent the coming war, is the subject of one of *The Last Rower*'s most touching chapters.

The lure of false clarities, not to mention the Puritan susceptibility to devil-theories, helps explain his vulnerability to anti-Semitism. Some defects in Mr. Heymann's exposition of this tricky topic stem from his not having known that remarkable woman Dorothy Shakespear Pound, who exercised with no malice whatever the methods that used to be normal in the British professional classes for restricting the number of people one needed to bother about. (Dorothy's father was a London solicitor; her mother wrote novels and kept a salon.) One began by excluding whole groups: Catholics, Jews, Americans, the uneducated, tradespeople, provincials. One then readmitted individuals one by one; Dorothy even began by *marrying* an American, Ezra Pound. You can call this procedure British snobbery, or you can call it a strategy for survival on an overcrowded island. Though the naturally gregarious Ezra resisted its assumptions, and though the Pounds had many Catholic and Jewish friends—more, probably, than most Protestant gentiles in Europe in their generation—the proximity of so intensely English a woman had certain long-term effects. When Jews began to enter his field of attention, it was easier than it should have been for him to think of them *en bloc*.

They began to enter his field of attention in the 1930s, not because he was listening to Hitler but because his attention had turned to the mechanisms of *international* credit, and he'd decided that the failure of its masters to identify themselves with national interests stemmed from the fact that many of them belonged to a group most nations tended to exclude from positions of influence.

This was not, so far as it went, a notion that necessarily led to hating anyone. The imperatives it postulates are social, not biological, and Stephen Birmingham raised no one's blood pressure when he explained in *Our Crowd* how the affluent Jewish families of New York looked out for one another, in part because no one else was going to look out for them. But once the race of the banker had been admitted to the field of relevant forces, Pound's defense against conspiracy-theories had become perilously thin. All manner of unpleasing phenomena can be explained by this pattern if you can identify enough Jews, and during the frenzy and exasperation of the war years Pound was scenting crypto-Jews everywhere. The name of John Calvin, even, might conceal Cohen! →

* I've tried to sketch an exposition of Douglasite principles in *The Pound Era* (1971), pp. 301-317. The serious student also needs to master evidence presented by Dennis R. Klinck in *Paideuma*, V-2 (Fall 1976), pp. 227-240, authoritative on Pound's misapplication of Douglas. If your college library hasn't *Paideuma* ask it why not.

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Here as so often—I've merely sketched a couple of examples—the theme to grasp is that every idea that went wrong had entailed a set of distinctions: in fact had been engendered in the act of making one more distinction, one of the minute verbal distinctions that were the central habit of his mind. That is why one must proceed so slowly and carefully in stating the elements of his main ideas. And though he was to caricature all his own perceptions and descend into frenzied demagogic rant, the governing system of distinctions was always available whenever he could manage to recall himself to its plane, and the econo-political ideas could straighten themselves out again and give off their original light.

That is why we find blocks of sense embedded in the frenzy; it was true, and deplorable, as he told an audience on an otherwise disgraceful occasion, that John Adams' works were (1939) unobtainable, "whereas the works of Marx, Engels and Trotsky were readily available in selections costing mere pennies." More important, he recalled himself to order in the *Cantos*. Mr. Heymann states accurately that in the Infernal years—in Pisa and in St. Elizabeths Hospital—it was work on the *Cantos* that saved him. Their most cryptic pages record his struggle with himself, his struggle to keep his attention on what he knew for sure, the temptation to seek underpinnings for his errors (and the discovery that underpinnings matching his criteria were seldom to be found). Generally the *Cantos* give us the sane version, speeches and letters the demented.

This gets blurred by reflex response to things in the *Cantos*. Mr. Heymann quotes a sequence of passages that mention Jewish themes, and thinks it evident that they are "full of hate." It seems more accurate to say that they tacitly acknowledge the hate, and try to cut it back to some factual kernel. "The tale of the perfect schnorrer" is told in Canto 35 the way Pound heard someone Jewish tell it, in what his phonetic spelling means to record as a Jewish accent (no more caricatured, by the way, than he elsewhere caricatures the American intonations he cared about so deeply). Part of its point, told that way, is that the Jewish community knows its schnorrers, and speaks of them sharply; Pound had great trust in the wisdom of such communities.

As for the notorious detail from Canto 74, which begins,

> the yidd is a stimulant, and the goyim are cattle in gt
> proportion and go to saleable slaughter with the maximum of docility...

—one would think it evident that the group who ought to feel insulted are the goyim. In St. Elizabeths after receiving Jewish visitors Pound once remarked—I was there—that they had, as expected, been "stimulating." No enterprise—he was always sponsoring enterprises—seemed capable, he said, of getting under way without at least some Jewish personnel, whose role in the world, so he thought, was to counter the "Xtn" penchant for inaction.

And there is the moving moment in Canto 91 when the most continuously sustained paradisaic vision so far in the poem—not a mere dozen lines but nine consecutive pages—is suddenly brought to nothing by some angry lines about "kikery," and he has to consult a good many luminous memories to get it going again. Since the poem is not automatic writing but elaborately worked over, and since he had everything to gain by not interrupting that astonishing passage (and it does resume again), the conclusion seems inescapable that he meant to record the manner in which vision is dispelled by upwelling frenzy. It is a moving, humiliating confession, and he could have made himself look just great by omitting it.

The real problem presented by such details is not ethical but poetic. The intention is one thing, the realization another. Paradoxically, they are part of a willed effort to be fair about things he might easily have omitted. And an un-Poundian stridency, betraying the fact that will is doing the work of ease, makes it all but inevitable that most readers will get the intention of the detail precisely backwards.

I speak with a confidence based upon the fact that during perhaps 50 hours spent in Ezra Pound's presence over a total span of 20 years I never heard him make an anti-Semitic remark, and not because the subject never came up. It is perfectly evident that other acquaintances were less fortunate, that some on some days heard little but rant. I can only conclude that there were in his psyche simultaneous levels of integration, that I was wholly fortunate in my sampling, and that the Pound I knew was closer to the poet of the *Cantos* than the Pound of some other accounts. There were long spells when he was *not* obsessed, moreover knew that his obsessions existed. If indeed he was mad, he wrote to me once, ought not intention be directed to what drove him that way? And Mr. Heymann quotes a letter to the firm of London solicitors of which Dorothy's father had been a member. The date is October 1945; he had undergone the horrors of the Pisan cage, six feet by six, three weeks of sun by day and floodlights by night, under omnipresent guard; he was indicted on a capital charge; he was without legal counsel; and having outlined various public facts he wrote, "You will see that there are elements in the case far more interesting than my personal welfare."

Mr. Heymann, who lets us know that he is himself Jewish, seems exemplary in his fairness of intention. Given what I think is his radical misunderstanding of a number of the things he quotes, it is the more remarkable that he quotes them so calmly. One more of his quotations—not from Pound—deserves special pondering.

Harvard's Harry Levin, speaking for the committee that had attempted to award the 1972 Emerson-Thoreau medal of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences to Ezra Pound, only to find itself overruled by the Academy's council, dissented tartly from the council's implication that the committee had been in some way naive. The committee, he asserted, did not need to be told that "art cannot be isolated from morality." Its members were not "irresponsible aesthetes," nor was Pound. "Members of the committee never questioned the assumption that art is grounded in ethics. Pound, like his master Dante, is not only an artist but an impassioned moralist."

Pound's long life was to end just a few months later, but not before word of Professor Levin's stand had reached him. He sent back, through an intermediary, two words of gratitude: "It matters." A weary old man's three syllables, still they contain the substance of what he'd been saying all his life. □

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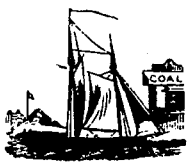
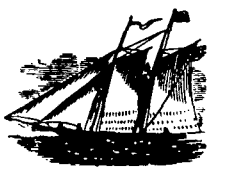


BOOK REVIEW

Airborne: A Sentimental Journey

William F. Buckley, Jr. / Macmillan / $12.95



David Niven

When the Editor of *The Alternative* invited me to review William F. Buckley, Jr.'s book *Airborne* I was first flattered, then appalled.

The flattery is easy to diagnose; the reason for my unease, more complicated because it is two-fold. First, the Editor correctly describes his publication as...."a monthly intellectual review." Also anyone with the price of a Newsletter, a Book, or a Television set knows that William F. Buckley, Jr. is...an intellectual, but the Reviewer Designate of Buckley's latest work has private information that there lurks in his own closet a skeleton of alarming proportions—David Niven is a semi-educated half-wit.

Second, D.N. is a close friend of W.F.B., so this review is rightly suspect on both counts.

One mitigating thought, however. I was sent, between the ages of six and seventeen, to English boarding schools during their most ferocious period. The prefects (older boys in authority) were allowed to administer the cane to other boys. The number of strokes was ordained by the Headmaster who gleefully dealt with the more hardened criminals among us himself. Occasionally therefore it would transpire that friend would have to chastise friend; but to show there was no favoritism, a strict code of honor existed and friend laid mightily into friend if not with zeal at least with a certain sense of "fair play."

I have tried hard to be overly critical of Buckley's book and I have come up empty —I loved it!

His political writings frequently send me scurrying to the Oxford Dictionary for clarification of certain words but, apart from a glorious (and I suspect homemade) "Buckley verb" that appears on an early page in connection with the cleaning of some dirty glass—"to repristinate"—I sailed through the book with the greatest joy and no intellectual inferiority complex.

This is a book written by a kindly, acutely observant adventure-loving man for *all* of us, a book about an adventure upon which he had long promised himself he would one day embark—to sail a small (30 ton, 54 foot at the waterline) schooner from Miami, Florida to the Mediterranean sea, 4,400 miles across the Atlantic Ocean.

When Buckley sometime in the winter of 1974 told me that he was definitely planning to make this trip the following summer, I put out no feelers as to whether there might be a place for me among his crew. To tell the truth, I held certain reservations about the success of the enterprise. A few months previously he and his wife Pat had paid us a visit at our home on Cap Ferrat. Alongside our house lay my two unreliable and very small sailing boats. Buckley luckily dismissed my catamaran as a bad risk because a vicious "Mistral" was blowing. But he insisted on putting to sea in the other, a top-heavy, over-canvassed 20-foot cabin "cruiser" with far too light a centerboard and a rudder that was apt to leave its appointed sockets and flap about uselessly in an emergency.

"Let's go take a look at *Sarina*," said Buckley pointing to Lōel Guinness' sparkling, burnished beauty built by Krupp in the late twenties. Riding at anchor across the bay, she was full of guests and a 24-man crew, her great schooner bow sniffing disdainfully at the rising wind, her huge yellow funnel slanting aft, and the white Ensign of the Royal Navy (and members of the Royal Yacht Squadron) flapping proudly from her stern.

Foxie, my little boat, had lately been redecorated by our two small daughters and was covered with a riot of color, large stick-on flowers of every sort, animals of all shapes and sizes, and several Ban the Bomb emblems. We approached *Sarina* at a great rate with our sail scraping the water and about half an inch of freeboard to spare before the Mediterranean boiled in and sank us. As I prepared to jump, because it seemed to me that Buckley at the helm was about to dismast *Foxie* on *Sarina*'s anchor chain, I noted the expression on his face—total calm, the sort of incandescent peace that fakirs display when sitting bareassed on nails.

Buckley conceived a spectacular maneuver which would bring *Foxie* head to wind and alongside the great yacht's highly polished gangway, but something went badly wrong and he produced instead a "Chinese gybe"—a dreadful happening when the end of the sail becomes wrapped around the top of the mast; we also hit *Sarina* hard amidships. She withstood this onslaught and shook us off as a Great Dane might dismiss a Yorkshire Terrier, but the "thud" caused a steward in a white jacket who was serving luncheon to appear at the rail far above our heads and to flap at us vaguely with a napkin..."P--s Off!" he commanded in his native tongue. As *Foxie* fell away and scraped along the spotless white side of *Sarina*, leaving a colorful deposit of daffodils, goldenrod, zebras, and horned toads, Truman Capote's round bespectacled countenance appeared beside the steward. "Come *Quick*!" he hissed over his shoulder. "Bill Buckley's come to call!"

Buckley remained admirably calm and issued sensible instructions to me for rectifying our strange appearance and effecting a dignified retreat while at the same time ignoring the pointed remarks that now rained down upon us from Mr. and Mrs. Lōel Guinness, Mr. and Mrs. William S. Paley, and others. The incident came sharply to mind when he told me during the winter that he was planning to navigate across the Atlantic. The great joy of *Airborne* is that it is not a straight narrative of the actual crossing. It prepares the reader for all sorts of possibilities because as the voyage progresses Buckley recounts with warmth and high humor several *Foxie*-type shambles during his cruising and racing life that occurred prior to embarking on "THE BIG ONE."

With his deep, almost mystical love of the sea and his abiding respect for it, Buckley has produced a heart-warming, moving, and often hilarious mix of happenings, flashbacks, and excitements skillfully spiced with his own notes made during the voyage and the "journals" kept by several members of his crew—all easy to digest by the landlubber who has no need nor wish to know the difference between a gollywobbler and a Fisherman.

There are masterful portraits of his crew which included his son, his sister-in-law, and three close friends, one of whom was replaced for urgent business reasons on arrival in Bermuda by a large young man who comes aboard, promptly gets seasick, and is not mentioned or apparently seen again until he bobs up in somebody's journal 1,800 miles further East asking between brandies ashore in the Azores for the quickest way to get to London. Splendid descriptions abound of the near disasters which seem rather ominously to have dogged the author's seafaring days since the age of thirteen when he capsized his first 17-foot boat and saved the life of a friend clinging to the hull by undertaking a long hazardous swim from the middle of a cold Connecticut lake; and then in quick succession when he failed to throw a life preserver to his sister

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David Niven, a sailor of note, has appeared in 90 motion pictures over 40 years. In 1958 he won the Academy Award for Best Actor for his performance in Separate Tables. *Mr. Niven is author most recently of the best-selling memoir,* Bring on the Empty Horses.

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who fell overboard off Martha's Vineyard.

Two months before his first Bermuda Race his 40-foot racer *The Panic* mysteriously sank at her moorings during the night, and she almost repeated the performance a year later in the middle of the Chesapeake. During the Vineyard Race Buckley blew the navigation and the same craft ended up on the rocks, and in another race, with his wife aboard, *The Panic* was later dismasted off Block Island.

Soon after Buckley found *Cyrano* his chosen conveyance for "THE BIG ONE," she "several times ran aground in Bahamian waters" and then, while she was on charter to a friend for a dinner cruise on the Hudson, a cable snapped upon which a nonswimmer was sitting, with tragic results. Only one month before her great Transatlantic effort, *Cyrano*, on charter once more, was the silent witness of another disaster when the charterer's wife, a certified diver, was found dead on the ocean floor forty feet below.

Buckley is a confirmed optimist but he is also a realist and his precautions against possible mid-Atlantic emergencies, (sinking in two minutes, or in five and over) make fascinating reading. So too does the understanding he displays of his wife's apprehensions about the whole undertaking and of her anguish at the realization that she is saying goodbye to the three most precious things in her life—her only son, her only sister, and her husband.

Obviously "THE BIG ONE" was a success or this book would never have been written, but as a movie actor I despise film critics who in a few sentences presume to tell a story which has taken others months of hard work and preparation to bring to the screen, so I will simply recommend *Airborne* wholeheartedly as being well worth the price of admission: in fact it is cheap at the price.

Everything that could go wrong or break down during this production did so, but Buckley led his troops to final victory, with great panache (though he does not say so himself) relying almost entirely on a salt-soaked sextant, and occasional glimpses of the sun, the moon, and the swinging stars. Don't forget the supporting cast, though: they all came through nobly, and son Christopher is already a literary force to be reckoned with ...A lovely "TRIP" and you can smell the sea. □

BOOK REVIEW

Adolf Hitler

John Toland / Doubleday / $14.95

William H. Nolte

While reading John Toland's enormous, splendid biography of Hitler I couldn't help wondering what the future will make of this most gifted and appalling tyrant, certainly the most awesome mover of men, at least in the West, since Napoleon. An idle speculation, perhaps, particularly since no one can know what needs will oppress future generations or what their aspirations will be. That Hitler failed to accomplish his wild dreams of "unifying" Europe and saving it from the Bolshevist menace is obvious enough, but then so too were Jeanne d'Arc and Napoleon (to name but two such idealists) unsuccessful in their immediate efforts; only later in a different age did their spirits pick up a crown. I frankly fear that, as in the case of so many other Caesar-figures and all-too-human saviors, distance will make clean, or in any event blur the visage which today, little more than thirty years after his suicide in his Berlin bunker, leers at us with such nightmarish clarity. When he put the pistol to his head, the Russians were in the next street, gleefully making the rubble bounce. And it was, he always protested, only the Russians whom he really wished to defeat.

That good and evil, especially in the political realm, are relative terms, and even interchangeable terms, can be seen in the fact that Hitler would, as Toland puts it, "undoubtedly have gone down as one of the greatest figures in German history" had he died seven or eight years sooner than he did. As the existentialists are fond of saying, we usually die too late or too soon; only the very lucky exit at the proper time. "The evil that men do lives after them; / The good is oft interred with their bones; / So let it be with Caesar." Thus Shakespeare's Antony, over the body of Caesar and in the face of the multitude, gave the lie to the very views he expressed and with rhetorical flourish transformed the dead tyrant into a dreaming demigod. While no one in his right mind would argue that Hitler has undergone, or is undergoing, any such sea-change, our fascination with his life is, if anything, increasing as the years pass. Apparently none of his great rivals—Stalin, Roosevelt, and Churchill—has so captured the posthumous mind. Hitler will be with us for a long time, whether as ogre or failed messiah.

Toland concludes his biography with this sentence: "The most extraordinary figure in the history of the twentieth century had vanished—unlamented except by a faithful few." Though not many would argue with that assessment of Hitler, I fear that Toland engages in wishful thinking when he insists that only a few people still believed in him in those last days. Certainly the number of the faithful had shrunk since, say, 1938, which was truly Hitler's year, at which time the vast majority of Germans considered him their savior, and many people throughout Europe admired him as the leading man of the age. In a letter to the *Times* in 1938, Winston Churchill paid him this grudging compliment: "I have always said that I hoped if Great Britain were beaten in a war we should find a Hitler who would lead us back to our rightful place among nations." He seemed, indeed, the archetypal answer to German prayers. Like Napoleon he was, par excellence, The Man on Horseback. His opposition in Germany, as elsewhere, came mainly from conservatives, reactionaries, and intellectuals. Behind him were the young, the proletariat, and the forward-looking. And why not? He offered what most men need—jobs, order, and hope.

To be sure, Hitler's General Staff had always distrusted him and truly hated him at the end. Of this Hitler was well aware; he once remarked that the inscription on his tombstone should read, "He was the victim of his generals." His generals were the victims, of course, and deserve at least some sympathy for their predicament. The Junkers, as everyone by now knows, tried again and again to kill him; they knew by the late 1930s that he could lead the nation only to destruction. The failure of their efforts helped convince Hitler that he was fated to accomplish his mission even though he knew, as he admitted to his Generals in November of 1941, that victory was impossible; henceforth the only hope lay in negotiating a peace with the West. When America entered the War the following month, even that hope went out the window.

The amazing thing is that Germany could have stood so long against such overwhelming opposition. Between Bismarck's victory in the Franco-Prussian War in 1871 (a victory, as Renan told the French at the

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time, of the German schoolmaster) and the beginning of the Second World War, Germany was undoubtedly the leading nation of the world in most of the indices relating to culture or civilization. That Hitler should have commanded such allegiance from so generally enlightened a people is a testament to his magnetic personality. That such a people should have followed him over the brink is a sad commentary on human nature.

In no other book that I know of has Hitler been made more convincingly real. After reading this detailed account of his life from its rather ordinary beginnings in Austria, through the years of the First World War (an excellent soldier, he was twice decorated for valor and at War's end was left temporarily blinded by mustard gas), the period of political turmoil and party strife in the 1920s, the fabulous rise to power in the 1930s and on through the cataclysm that followed, I believe I understand him. Such men have appeared numerous times in history, but seldom have they had so powerful a following. That Hitler possessed many of the ordinary virtues and traits of a man of his time makes him all the more frightening to behold. Until Power placed him above the law, or rather made him a law unto himself, he was little more than a fanatical patriot of iron will, a forensic genius determined to lift up his adopted people after the ignominious Armistice in 1918, the result, he believed, of betrayal at home rather than defeat abroad. Toland attaches great importance to the fact that Woodrow Wilson refused to make an armistice with the Kaiser and the imperial German generals, who had lost the War, but insisted on dealing only with democratic elements in Germany—that is, with the socialists. "And by forcing the socialists to assume the blame for something they had not brought about, Wilson gave Adolf Hitler a political tool that he was destined to wield with devastating force." It is important to note that many of the socialists were Jews—a fact that lodged in the fevered brain of Hitler, who was then recuperating from his war wounds.

Toland leaves no doubt that in the final years Hitler had succumbed to a messianic delusion—that is, he had begun to confuse his will with the will of God. Certainly this was the case with his infamous Judeophobia. He believed, Toland writes, "that he was observing God's injunction to cleanse the world of vermin. Still a member in good standing of the Church of Rome despite detestation of its hierarchy ('I am now as before a Catholic and will always remain so'), he carried within him its teaching that the Jew was the killer of God." It was the Idea of Jewishness, rather than individual Jews, that he opposed with single-minded fury. In effect, he made the Jews sacrificial offerings to a concept. One can find no better instance of idealism gone mad.

As I've said before, *Adolf Hitler* is a splendid work of biographical art—well written, objective throughout, filled with fascinating details, free of the psychoanalytical claptrap that mars so much contemporary biography, instructive in the best sense, and more than a little humbling in the tale it tells about a genius (or call him monster, if you will) who contained within his being elements of Everyman, albeit blown up to epic size. Just what moral there is in the study God only knows. But one cannot read the book, I am convinced, without arriving at a better understanding than one had before of the horrific events in Europe between 1920 and 1945. □

BOOK REVIEW

Disaster by Decree

Lino A. Graglia / Cornell University Press / $11.50

Terry O'Rourke

Professor Lino Graglia of the University of Texas Law School has written a concise and lucid account of the Supreme Court's decisions on race and education. Beginning with the 1954 decision in *Brown v. Board of Education of Topeka*, which barred the use of racial criteria in assigning children to public schools, Graglia traces the Court's capricious course to its present position mandating the busing of schoolchildren on the basis of race. Court-ordered busing has become the most divisive domestic issue of the 1970s—directly affecting the lives of hundreds of thousands of parents and children, and contravening the fundamental principle that government should make no decision based on race—and Professor Graglia's account of the Supreme Court's role in reintroducing race as a permissible and sometimes constitutionally required basis of government action should astound even the most hardened critics of the Court. It is one of the worst examples of the modern Court's tendency, so aptly described by Milton Handler, to indulge in "overgeneralization, disrespect of precedent, needless obscurity of opinions....tortured reading of statutes, and seeming absence of neutrality and objectivity."

Like all informed critics of court-ordered busing, Graglia applauds *Brown*'s prohibition of state-imposed racial discrimination as a justifiable and understandable interpretation of the Constitution, but he faults the Supreme Court for undercutting the new law with an impression of hesitation and uncertainty in the ensuing decade. New impetus for the desegregation movement came in 1964 with the enactment of the Civil Rights Act, which reaffirmed *Brown*'s prohibition against discrimination in education. The Act's definition of "desegregation" was clear-cut: " 'Desegregation' means the assignment of students to public schools and within such schools without regard to their race, color, religion, or national origin, but 'desegregation' shall not mean the assignment of students to public schools in order to overcome racial imbalance." In addition, the Act expressly stated that it did not "empower any official or court of the United States to issue any order to achieve a racial balance in any school by requiring the transportation of pupils or students from one school to another or one district to another in order to acheive such racial balance."

The language of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 did not, however, deter HEW's Office of Education. In what Graglia rightly describes as an "administrative and judicial perversion of legislative purpose," the Office of Education promulgated, and the lower courts upheld, a series of administrative guidelines purportedly designed to implement the Civil Rights Act, but instead authorizing the transfer and assignment of students according to race when the result was to increase racial balance. Finally, in *Swann v. Charlotte-Mecklenburg* (1971) and afterward, the Supreme Court ruled that racial balance was required, as was cross-district busing where necessary to achieve it.

The Supreme Court's compulsory-busing decisions are virtually unparalleled examples of judicial obliquity and obfuscation. Graglia thoroughly demonstrates that while imposing its requirement of racial balance the Supreme Court has never openly stated that school racial imbalance is unconstitutional; instead, the Court has required racial balance under the guise of "remedying" the state-imposed segregation prohibited by *Brown*. The Court's "remedy" rationale has allowed it to

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require racial discrimination to compel integration while claiming to eliminate all discrimination, and—at least in the Court's own mind—has obviated any need to reconcile such a requirement with the constitutional principle enounced in *Brown*. In addition to its logical shortcomings, Graglia faults the "remedy" rationale for failing to comport with what the Court was actually doing. Despite the Supreme Court's claims to the contrary, Graglia's analysis of its opinions indisputably establishes that each succeeding decision made it clearer that the "school racial separation being 'remedied' could not be attributed to unconstitutional segregation, and that, in fact, it was simply school racial separation or imbalance itself, however caused, that had become unconstitutional."

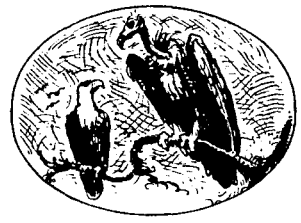
In recent years, as Alexander Bickel and other scholars have observed, the Supreme Court has increasingly relied more on subsequent events to vindicate its decisions than on the methods of reason. Graglia argues that this is true most of all of the Court's busing decisions, and that in no other area of constitutional law are events less likely to vindicate the Court's rulings. It is difficult to dispute Graglia's conclusion. Court-ordered busing has accelerated the deterioration of the cities as middle-class whites flee to the suburbs to escape busing, leaving behind smaller and smaller numbers of white children to be reshuffled. By forcing the abandonment of the neighborhood school, court-ordered busing has lessened community support for public schools and has limited parental participation in and supervision of their operations. And finally, increasing numbers of leading educators—many of whom are former supporters of busing—have concluded that school racial balance serves no educational purpose, but instead lessens a school's academic performance, increases racial tensions, and results in violence and disorder.

Perhaps the most significant contribution of Professor Graglia's book is to point out the dangers of an errant Supreme Court. According to the traditonal teaching of American government, the Court's role is to check the excesses of the legislative and executive branches with a dispassionate and reasoned "second look" rooted in the Constitution. With disturbing frequency, the Court has abandoned its traditional role and has become the initiator of massive social and political changes, often giving no reasons for its decisions, or reasons that ignore or miscite precedent, evade key questions, and ignore or distort facts and fundamental realities. When the Court so blatantly enacts its own personal ideological preferences, it does more than usurp the legislative role: it supplants the rule of law and reason with the perverse quirks of unelected and unaccountable officials. Even the most skeptical reader must agree with Professor Graglia's conclusion that even if "compulsory school racial integration could somehow be defended, the performance of the Court in imposing it could not." □

THE NATION'S PULSE

by

Peter J. Rusthoven



Dick Lugar, Jim Thompson, and Republican Futures

Of late, it seems that our quadrennial Presidential elections are barely over before speculation begins on likely contenders for the nation's highest office four years hence. This last election has proved no exception: Mr. Carter has hardly had time to savor his triumph over President Ford, and already our pundits and commentators have started surveying the results of senatorial and gubernatorial races in an effort to cull the names of those who may someday stand in Carter's shoes.

In part, I suppose, the fascination with trying to spot future Presidential candidates reflects the increasing tendency of the media to view politics almost exclusively as some kind of competitive sporting endeavor. As Paul Weaver has remarked, modern reportage has adopted a kind of "game" vocabulary in describing elections: For example, a given statement or position is more often presented on the evening news as "X, in an effort to appeal to group Y, today pledged support for program Z," rather than "X indicated today his belief that sound public policy called for adoption of program Z." In this context, picking contenders for the Oval Office becomes something akin to guessing first-round draft choices, or speculating on who will be chosen Most Valuable Player —a fact which, among other unfortunate consequences, tends to trivialize the serious business of choosing a Chief Executive.

Well taken as Weaver's point is, I confess that I find the sport of discovering potential candidates as interesting as the next man. With the defeat of President Ford, most current speculation has focused, naturally enough, on possible Republican hopefuls. Tennessee's Howard Baker and Texas convert John Connally seem to be in the forefront of talk about 1980, although the largely liberal press still cherishes residual (if mostly wistful) hopes for individuals like Senator Charles Percy of Illinois. The November 2nd balloting has heralded the arrival of some possibilities on the Republican national scene, however, and a few of these gentlemen have already garnered some serious attention. Two of these—James Thompson, newly elected Governor of Illinois, and Richard Lugar, Senator-elect from Indiana—hail from my own section of the country, and I believe they present an interesting contrast in terms of the types of candidates the GOP may someday choose to place on a national ticket.

Of the two, Thompson has received by far the more media coverage. "Big Jim," as he is known, has climbed the political ladder in thoroughly traditional fashion as the "crusading D.A.," a role which once brought Thomas Dewey within a step of

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the White House. Thompson had the good fortune to be the United States Attorney in the area of Illinois which encompasses Richard Daley's Chicago, at a time when the Mayor's power and public image were both on the decline. In political terms, Thompson admirably exploited this opportunity by carrying out a series of highly publicized investigations and prosecutions of Windy City corruption, an effort which won him headlines and plaudits from all quarters. Daley further assisted Thompson's most recent success by handpicking as the Democratic candidate for Governor the jowly, overweight Michael Howlett, a man who eloquence is itself Daleyesque and whose very persona exudes the concept of "old pol." Easily victorious, the 6'6" Thompson finds himself, at the age of 40, touted as a Presidential possibility for 1980.

While some of Thompson's accomplishments are noteworthy, there is much about the man that raises questions. His public statements, even allowing for the limits of campaign rhetoric, reveal an individual who appears to have taken all too seriously the "reformer" image which he has crafted. A suggestion of self-righteousness, and an accompanying tendency to view the world in the superficial light of "new politics" versus "old politics," emerged during Thompson's run for the Statehouse. More importantly, there were few indications of any exceptional depth or intelligence; rather, Thompson adopted some moderately trendy positions on issues such as abortion and the Equal Rights Amendment, while generally running a kind of "personal trust" campaign vaguely reminiscent of Mr. Carter's successful approach in the primaries. Additionally, his almost blatant use of his prosecutorial exploits hints at a potentially disturbing expediency. In short, Thompson —who may, and hopefully will, prove an able Governor—has done little that suggests Presidential caliber, beyond displaying the dubious qualification of a certain bland "attractiveness." Yet he is seriously talked of for the Presidency, and to date I have heard no national commentary which voices doubts about his suitability for that office.

Senator-elect Dick Lugar of Indiana has less often been the topic of White House speculation, but has built his career in a steadier and more substantial fashion. A Rhodes Scholar, Lugar served two terms as Mayor of Indianapolis, during which he led a successful effort for metropolitan area government (via city-county consolidation), and five times lowered local property tax rates. After losing a close race to Democratic Senator Birch Bayh in 1974, this November Lugar swamped three-term incumbent R. Vance Hartke—a man who in his eighteen years in the Senate became rather an embarassment to the Hoosier state, among others things by being twice voted by Capitol Hill aides as the Senator "with the least integrity."

In contrast to Thompson's somewhat superficial and self-conscious "crusaderism," almost every public utterance of Lugar's displays a degree of thoughtfulness and reflection all too rare among our men in public life. Lugar's substantive views on particular issues are, from a conservative point of view, thoroughly sound. What is more significant and noteworthy, however, is an impressive ability to tie those substantive positions to underlying convictions about the values which rest at the core of America's constitutional moral order. Indeed—although they are somewhat different kinds of political speakers—Lugar's skill in making the critical connection between discrete issue and general philosophy was matched in this election year only by that of Ronald Reagan. Lugar is, in short, a living example that there is yet room in American politics for an individual whose basic appeal is founded on a thoughtful and intelligent approach to important national concerns. His success to date thus puts the lie, at least in part, to those who dismiss that approach as political naiveté.

Perhaps not surprisingly, Lugar, whose substantive beliefs are clearly and carefully expressed, seems to face more difficulties in moving toward a national career than does Thompson, whose views on issues of national import remain a mystery. For example, Lugar's forceful opposition while Mayor to the likes of John Lindsay, who perpetually claimed the cities were going to hell in a handbasket due to Washington neglect, engendered a certain enmity: his very success as a municipal executive was a source of discomfiture to those wont to use the federal government as a whipping boy for urban problems. Additionally, Lugar's efforts earned the appreciation of President Nixon and the title of "Nixon's Favorite Mayor," an appellation which is occasionally applied to

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him today in a particularly silly attempt at guilt-by-association. Perhaps even sillier is the criticism Lugar has had to endure from those conservatives who seem to view political effectiveness as some kind of badge of ideological "impurity." Some prominent conservatives, citing such things as Lugar's refusal as Mayor to spurn relatively strings-free federal revenue sharing funds, have determined that Lugar does not really pass muster as a "true conservative," and have even argued that conservatives had nothing to choose between the junketeering, organized-labor-dominated, corrupt, and thoroughly liberal Hartke and his GOP opponent. This assertion is of course preposterous, bit it illustrates the difficulties Lugar—who is probably one of the few men in public life who has both read and understood Edmund Burke—will encounter in dealing with a certain segment of the Republican Right.

Of course, it is quite possible—even likely—that neither James Thompson nor Richard Lugar will ever be part of a future Republican national ticket. Politics is an exceptionally fortuitous business, and there are numerous other individuals whose aspirations reach to 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. But I believe these two Midwestern Republicans, whose chances for higher office are at least reasonable, nicely illustrate the kinds of choices facing the GOP as it endeavors to recover a certain parity vis-a-vis the opposition. Thompson represents a kind of pleasing public persona, distinctly non-philosophical in approach, and largely inoffensive despite—or possibly because of—an apparent unwillingness to express his views on any topic more controversial than whether he is for or against corruption. Lugar, on the other hand, brings a more substantial approach to his responsibilities as a candidate and as a public official—and for that reason, has been the object of more criticism and publicly expressed reservations from both ends of the political spectrum. Mr. Carter's recent success may strike some as an argument for selecting Thompson-like candidates as the GOP begins its latest efforts toward a national resurgence; but I believe that if my party would truly distinguish itself from its opposition, and offer that oft-touted ideal of a "genuine alternative," it would be wise to opt for standard bearers of Lugar's caliber and qualifications. □

BOOK REVIEW

Can America Win the Next War?
Drew Middleton / Scribners / $8.95

Edward J. Walsh

The bugles of NATO blare forlornly across Western Europe these days. In Germany, on the free side of Berlin, the American Seventh Army, the British Army of the Rhine, and the crack German tank teams drill with heartening enthusiasm, anticipating the Soviet blitzkrieg. But Drew Middleton, watching them with admiration, turns and looks, in despair, across the Wall.

Middleton is the military correspondent for the *New York Times* and author of *The Sky Suspended*, an account of the love of freedom which won the Battle of Britain. In *Can America Win the Next War?* he raises questions about a possible new war and about whether the love of freedom will again triumph. His answers are disturbing. Though he wrote the book in 1975, his comparison of NATO and Soviet force levels and capabilities will remain timely until all the punctilious details of troop strength, weapons readiness, and budget appropriations are lost in the flames and debris of Europe. With that rare and curious thrust at objectivity one sometimes finds in the *Times*, he writes as devil's advocate, posing the "what if" questions: Will the Russians launch a conventional tactical assault aimed at the English Channel and the North Sea ports, or, exploiting their newly fearsome submarine and surface naval strength, slowly choke the United States by guerrilla war at sea? The "scenarios," we learn, are endless, and, nearly without exception, to the advantage of the military monolith which is the Soviet Union.

Some signs are encouraging. The American military has recovered, in large measure, from the internal cancer contracted in Vietnam. Racial and drug problems have diminished. Watching the troops of the Fourth Mechanized Division trudge cheerfully through freezing nights on week-long field exercises at Fort Carson, Colorado, and listening to the cocky claims of the elite Rangers in the heat of Georgia, the optimism about the American ability to whip the Russians is facile and uncritical. Says Lt. Col. Lawrence B. Fitzmorris of the Fourth: "When and if the test comes, these kids will go, go, go, and do, do, do."

What is more, we've got the F-14 Tomcat, capable of knocking any Soviet aircraft out of the sky at a range of one hundred miles. Our soldiers, sailors, and airmen, two wars ahead of the Soviets, command technical and logistical assets superior to the best Russian tanks and missiles. Thirteen aircraft carriers are able to deliver a nuclear punch to every ocean, sea, and harbor in the world. We still have the industrial and technological might which thirty-five years ago equipped and supplied the nation to fight a war simultaneously on two and one-half continents. And the greatest deterrent to the impassive chessplayers in the Kremlin may be that the American people, abused by myopic leadership and an overdose of dissent, have nonetheless historically closed ranks in the face of overt assaults on freedom.

But none of this is enough. And the American brass, as Middleton describes it, basks in a dangerous complacency. Again and again, Middleton tells us, the troops in Europe, the nuclear-powered ships and silent submarines, the highly trained and motivated officer corps, the best, qualitatively, in the world, are not enough. Behind the barbed wire and concrete which partition the world between freedom and slavery, wait the slaves, millions of them, carefully grouped in mechanized divisions, tank columns, tactical air squadrons, and antiaircraft crews. Middleton counted, in '74-'75, a total Soviet strength of 2,050,000; trained, dedicated, and equipped for one purpose: the expedient destruction of NATO forces, and the occupation of Western Europe. The figures have become more frightening since the book appeared. Professor John Erickson, Director of Soviet Studies of the United States Strategic Institute, quoted extensively by Middleton, made another estimate in early 1976: "The 'base military manpower' strength of the Soviet armed forces is taken to be 3,424,000—which however, is simply an intake and establishment figure. Adding the command staff, training and the 'extended service' elements on an average basis, this would produce an overall figure of 4,109,000." The inclusion of KGB border guards and MVD formations, Erickson continues,

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including support personnel brings the figure to about 4,200,000. About one million of these are deployed in Northern and Central Europe, facing the convoluted admixture of troops, equipment, and tactical notions which is NATO.

Strewn from Norway to the Alps are 610,000 Americans, Canadians, British, French, and Germans; motivated, well-trained, tough, and ready, but—too few. The generals, on their haunches, wait for the assault, as the French waited in 1940, hardly aware of the disarray of their preparations, as if the Russian bear, reliving 1914, will blunder en masse, weapons piled on wagons, towards the Rhine. The Dardanelles, the Scandinavian North Cape, and the Danish strait are barely manned, assuming the Soviets will ignore these vital waterways, without which their modern navy is irrelevant, and which they have coveted through the centuries of the czars.

Middleton, nearly alone among his colleagues, is willing to expect the worst. He sees, in the trance of detente which mesmerizes the West, a mulish unwillingness in London, Paris, and Washington to prepare realistically and adequately for—total war. The bankrupt strategies of deterrence through second-strike capability, a presumptive warning of Mutually Assured Destruction, are expressed in sophistical and bemused forays at friendship with the Soviets; that SALT II will save the world; that the Russians must also deal with the Chinese; that the Soviet system will crumble from within. Middleton's warning is cold and comfortless: he posits a continuing struggle, if not on the plains of Germany, then in the jungles of Africa, Asia, and Latin America, pitting the Soviet "client" states against Western allies, abandoned by isolationists and editors throughout the free world, who cry "No More Vietnams." Through the streets of European cities march the Communist parties of the West, drowning out the few remaining advocates of defense planning, vindicating Lenin's dicta—and Solzhenitzyn's. And Middleton, envisioning a Soviet tank assault, predicts the conquest of Western Europe in ten days.

Who will win the next war? The consensus in the West has been since Hiroshima that there will be only losers. But Middleton argues: "Under military, political, and social conditions in the United States and among our chief allies of today and the next three or four years, the West could not win a conventional war in Europe in the sense that the Soviet forces would be halted short of their primary objectives and eventually driven back to Eastern Europe." All we could hope for, he continues, is the retention of a foothold on the Continent and Britain as a staging area for future operations.

But what are the questions implicit in the consideration of "future operations?" An all-out attack by the Soviets with conventional forces would demonstrate their willingness to gamble that neither side will push the final Button. But they, like we, can only guess. Thus the speculation about Armageddon loses meaning, and Middleton, not one to moralize, suggests instead that the brushfire war, the "war of national liberation" in the Third World should be the concrete concern of NATO planners. With persistence, a rebirth of will, with the prudent employment of tactical forces, the West can hold its own.

A rebirth of will is what Middleton's book is about. It is unlikely, he asserts, that NATO will strengthen itself adequately to meet the Soviet and Warsaw Pact threat. Preoccupation with economic and social problems, which do not apply in that part of the world where the stability of society is the stability of the machine gun and the insane asylum, preclude sufficient expenditures for defense by the West. But the kind of will Middleton is talking about is the will to survive, to dredge up the memories, clouded by detente, of the diplomacy of Hungary and Czechoslovakia, and the peace of the graveyard. □

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THEATER REVIEW

A Texas Trilogy
Three Plays by Preston Jones

Patrick Kelly

In the spring of 1974, I went to a performance in the tiny "second" auditorium in the basement of the Dallas Theater Center. The play was *The Last Meeting of the Knights of the White Magnolia*, the first effort at playwrighting of Preston Jones, a long-time member of the DTC acting company. The action is set in Bradleyville, a fictional place described in the script as "a small, dead West Texas town in the middle of a big, dead West Texas prairie between Abilene and San Angelo. The new highway has bypassed it and now the world is trying to." The Knights are a handful of good ol' boys, the last remaining members of a white supremacist lodge which once had numbers in the thousands; the business of the meeting is the induction of a new member into their almost vanished ranks. As things happen, however, the induction is aborted when the initiate runs out—and the remaining Knights all follow suit, each finding his own reason for giving up his membership. The play ends with the black custodian of the broken down hotel turning out the lights (for the Last Time?) in the seedy meeting room, chuckling to himself as he repeats some of the text of the ludicrous initiation ceremony.

It was a satisfying production of a very good first play: Preston Jones clearly has an ear for the dialect of West Texas, and he had forged that regional patois into a special language for the stage. Listen to L.D. Alexander (manger of the A.B.C. Supermarket) explaining to Lonnie Roy McNeil, the lodge's prospective new member, why the Knights no longer have regular conventions:

> Stupidity, Lonnie Roy. Pure by-God dumb stupidity. People got to where they didn't wnat to join up any more. Can you imagine that? They didn't want to be Knights of the White Magnolia. They wanted to be Jaycees or Toast Masters or Elks or Lions or Moose, they wanted to be by-God animals, that's right, animals, but not knights. They turned around and stabbed their granddaddies square in the back. Turned up their noses on their race, started kowtowin' to all them there mi-norities, and little by little the lodges jest sorter dried up. Nobody wanted to join. No new people. Jesus, but we was big once, Lonnie Roy. Hell, there were governors and senators that was Brother Knights. We had con-ventions and barbecues and parades. Took over a whole hotel there in Tulsa. Gawd, and it musta been somethin' to see. Bands playin' and baton girls a-marchin' along. The Grand Imperial Wizard of the brotherhood rode in a big open carriage pulled by six white horses, and up above the whole shebang was this great old big blimp towin' this-here banner sayin' TULSA WELCOMES THE KNIGHTS OF THE WHITE MAGNOLIA. Gawda mighty, now wasn't that somethin'?

Patrick Kelly is theater director at the University of Dallas.

His localism brings to mind the English "Manchester school," a group of Lancashire dramatists (of whom Harold Brighouse was the most famous) who wrote their plays for performance first at a resident theater at the industrial capital during the first decades of this century. In those plays—as in D.H. Lawrence's excellent dramas of the same period dealing with the lives of Nottinghamshire coal miners—the grasp of local dialect and provincial concerns and life-patterns provide the distinctive quality of the work.

Now, a little more than two years later, it seems I was an unknowing witness to the birth of a phenomenon, *A Texas Trilogy*. Preston Jones completed two other plays about Bradleyville after the success of the first: *Lu Ann Hampton Laverty Oberlander* shows the eponymous heroine first as a good-hearted, empty-headed bobby-soxer, then as a bewildered divorcee, and finally as a mellowing and resigned widow, slipping into middle age with a brainless daughter who seems all set to repeat the pattern of her mother's life; *The Oldest Living Graduate* focuses on the relationship of Colonel J.C. Kinkaid, a seventy-five-year-old veteran of what Bradleyville folk call "World's War I," and his avaricious son, who wants to develop some of the old man's land into "Mumford County Estates"—summer homes like Lopahin's dream for the Cherry Orchard in Chekhov's play.

Happily, these subsequent plays lose none of the verbal vigor and texture of the first one. And the milieu of Bradleyville gains in solidity and detail with each successive drama. It achieves, finally, a kind of universality as an image of life that has lost its vital energy sources and whose existence is marked by the failures, one by one, of its fading faculties. In refusing to be honored as the oldest living graduate of Mirabeau B. Lamar Military Academy, Colonel Kinkaid articulates this feeling common to all the plays:

> To hell with it!...It ain't no honor to be the oldest livin' *anything*. Oldest living *graduate*, oldest living *Indian*, oldest living *armadillo*, oldest living *nuthin'*, 'cause that means you're all alone! Stand around lookin' for the next-oldest livin' whippersnapper and wonder where the hell ever'body went.

Loss in isolation: it is what Jones' community suffers from in each of the three plays. The present is lost to the past, lives change, and the characters never realize what's happening until it's all over. It's the gradual wearing-away of things that gets you, Jones' plays tell us over and over again. But, far from dulling its impact, the repetitions in speech, situation, and character relationship give the insight a concreteness and subtlety which ultimately distinguish the trilogy as a unique theatrical accomplishment.

A Texas Trilogy became a national phenomenon thanks to an effort to produce the three plays in a rotating repertory on Broadway. After seeing the success which met *The Last Meeting of the Knights of the White Magnolia* in professional and amateur productions all over the country, the Kennedy Center produced all three plays in Washington—with the intention of transferring the shows to Broadway. The Washington reception was ecstatic. Richard Coe, the tough critic for the *Post*, said, "Not since the Philadelphia premiere of *Death of a Salesman* in 1949 have I been so profoundly satisfied with a play and its production." So, following a 16-week run of sold-out houses, the production went to New York. With a build-up in the press like the trilogy had, it was no wonder that the September 21 opening at the Broadhurst Theater was anticipated like the Second Coming; it seemed that the ideal of regional theater was about to be realized with the arrival of a group of plays written outside the pressures and interests of New York by a worker in a resident rep company.

This feverish anticipation proved to be the project's undoing. The critics, for the most part, came to the openings with expectations so inflated that at least a tinge of disappointment was inevitable in their reviews. And the economic climate of New York theater is such now that even a moderately-expensive production cannot survive the impact of anything less than unanimous raves: and with three casts to pay and three sets to be changed daily, *A Texas Trilogy* was more than moderately expensive. The reviews were mixed; the houses thinned out; and, after 62 performances, the show closed on October 31.

That the plays came out of a resident theater company (a new part of the American theater in the past 15 years); that they drew and pleased audiences in a variety of situations outside of New York; and that they couldn't survive on Broadway reflects more light on the whole relationship of the "regional" theater to the Broadway establishment than it does on the merits of the plays themselves. Perhaps the odd mixture of comic, pathetic, grotesque, and elegiac elements in the plays—as well as the trilogy form itself, cumbersome and expensive to sustain—made a Broadway success doubtful from the start: but with his plays on stages all over the country, what, after all, does Preston Jones really have to worry about? □

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THE GREAT AMERICAN SALOON SERIES

by

Terry Eastland

Richard's City Club

When Richard D. Levy of 201 Summit Avenue, Greensboro, North Carolina decided to renew the inner city in 1970, he had the good sense to go three doors down, to 221 Summit Avenue, to establish his own tavern. Thus Richard, a young entrepreneur and politician, could repair from work to drink to home, in short enough order to go back to drink and to drink and to drink, without it ever crossing his mind that he wasn't also at home. Things, even urban renewal, go better with Bud.

Apparently, though, only with Bud or its equivalent does an urban renewal project succeed. Richard's other downtown projects have failed, but the once seedy tavern on Summit Avenue has prospered, becoming no less than a Great American Saloon.

Although he may have had his hopes back in 1970, Richard probably had no idea that his bar would achieve such status. He had, after all, the task of recreating the place, then called the Flamengo, according to his own image. And frankly, Richard didn't have much to work with, save his own image. The Flamengo had been a watering hole for Lumbee Indians and quasi-gunfighters and their horses, acquiring through the years a reputation statewide for meanness and raucousness. Richard, at heart a nice guy, tried to maintain the Flamengo as basically its country bar self, which was almost incidentally a place where his cronies could drop in. Two years of too many ruckuses, however, the final act being an attack on Richard's very life and limb, persuaded the young owner to change the Flamengo's ways. Individual troublemakers were banned, and the bar, which Richard deemed only an avocation, began opening at irregular hours.

In those hours, fortunately, Richard and a dozen or so of his best friends convened for beer and conversation. This was a crowd much different, of course, from ones in the Flamengo's earlier days, and much different, obviously, from ones at other bars around town. Scions of the area's best families, these young lawyers and businessmen happened to be interested in ideas. Consequently, they started the "Boardroom," a reading room in the back of the bar filled with every conceivable magazine, including *National Review* and the *New Republic*, *American Opinion* and *Triumph*. Naturally, this group enjoyed its beer, but often someone would hold forth, like the former baseball pitcher from High Point, who would just as soon discourse on Nock's idea of Pantagruelism as on subjects like "Country Music and Self-Pity."

Though Richard tried to oblige as many of the Flamengo's old ruffians as possible, even a few rowdies proved too many. Returning to town in August of 1974, Richard found his saloon an absolute wreck. Consequently, Richard organized from the remnant a board of directors to chart a new course for the Flamengo. On October 1 it gave orders. No longer would the bar be called the Flamengo; it would henceforth be "Richard's City Club," named of course for Richard, but also in ironic commentary upon the Greensboro City Club, a fashionable place three blocks uptown to which almost all of Richard's crowd's parents belonged. The new name thus ratified the genial elitism that Richard and his group had brought to the old Flamengo.

The change in name, of course, wasn't the only one that October. A capitalist and thus a democrat when the subject is dollars, Richard was so disturbed at running a deficit in this, a sideline enterprise, that he and his board inaugurated a truly brilliant change: they began charging yearly membership fees ($5 in 1974, $10 in 1975) to Richard's. Gradually, the bar became a break-even concern, all Richard ever wanted it to be; but more importantly, the membership fee settled once and for all the sort of club Richard's would be. Never, of course, could it at all resemble the old Flamengo; but now it could neither be what it might easily have become, sans the Flamengo riff-raff: a beery preserve for young Greensboro patricians. The membership fee, in effect, opened up Richard's City Club to folks outside Richard's circle, who, if they didn't have a clue about Albert Jay Nock, could at least enjoy several drafts of beer a week, thus underwriting the bar's rent and overhead. Especially could they be the underwriters later on, when Richard introduced a weekly Hamburger night and a monthly Lobster night. Lobsters and hamburgers, in fact, well symbolized the bar's gradual transformation into a mixed regime, a jovial blend of young aristocrats and young average citizens.

Today more than 300 swell the membership lists at Richard's, among them half the city's young lawyers and pols and journalists, several artists and dancers, a few ne'er-do-wells, a number of professional women, and a couple of loose ones. Predictably, as more people have come to Richard's, more beer has been drunk, less cerebration has taken place, the Boardroom has had fewer occupants, fewer magazines have there been found, and Pantagruelism has been replaced by womanizing and politicking. Nevertheless, few bars could ever hope to survive as intellectual or high cultural centers, and bars that intense are rarely worth a drink anyway. In keeping with its tradition, Richard's at least does have the editorial pages of the *Greensboro Record* and the *Wall Street Journal* well within reach, and a keen soul can always procure a copy of this humble monthly on request.

But Richard's City Club would not be what it is, would not be a Great American Saloon, without the saving remnant, always the bar's steadiest clientele, and Richard himself. Especially Richard. A Republican esteemed enough at age 29 to be a trustee at North Carolina A&T, he can hold forth on any topic and move among an evening's customers with consummate ease. Thus, if you want conversation,

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Terry Eastland is on the editorial staff of the Greensboro [*North Carolina*] Record.

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Richard will oblige, or should he be absent, you can seek out one of his circle. O. Max Gardner, for example, a former Governor's grandson, can fill you in on Democratic Party politics; or Jim Burnley, the chairman of the county Republican Party, can do same from his perspective. (Or you might be fortunate enough to run into a garrulous foreign celebrity, the publisher Baron Von Kannon, who's been known to duck into Richard's, posturing as a do-gooding reformer.) Of course, if you'd rather play pinball, you can try the machine in the back or the one up front; with the club ready to give you free games for sufficiently high scores. Or you can settle down to table tennis, or backgammon, or poker, or even Scrabble. On a sunny afternoon, you can play croquet on the green in front of Richard's. Or you can just be alone, stuck in the corner table with your choice of tune ringing from the juke box, beer, and the gratis popcorn at an elbow.

State law forbids liquor by the drink, but this hurdle doesn't stop regulars at Richard's, which has, of course, a brown-bagging license. Across the short front wall of this domino-shaped tavern stand plenty of lockers for liquor. But what else should one expect of Richard's? Nothing is spared in order that members might have the gentle repose they seek. Country musicians, you ask for? Well, yes, now every Tuesday night. Jefferson Davis' birthday you want remembered? All right, next Lobster night will honor his birthday. Thus Richard's, a Great American Saloon smack in the downtown, such as it is, of Greensboro, North Carolina. Thanks be to Richard and the saving remnant, who wisely understood that ideas have consequences, but more wisely fathomed that good times, spiked with beer, have much more immediate ones. □

BOOK REVIEW

Bloodhounds of Heaven: The Detective in English Fiction from Godwin to Doyle
Ian Ousby / Harvard / $10.00
The Adventures of Conan Doyle
Charles Higham / Norton / $9.95

William Murchison

"You beast!" an angry letter writer snarled at Arthur Conan Doyle one day late in 1893. What barbarous offense had been perpetrated by this inoffensive writer of light entertainments for the public prints? He had murdered Sherlock Holmes by tipping him over the Reichenbach Falls, that is what he had done. Numerous Londoners paraded about town in mourning. Doyle's publisher, the *Strand* magazine, received more than 20,000 cancellations. It was no mere fictional character who had perished—it was a national hero.

What a thundering irony! For only a century earlier, as Ian Ousby demonstrates in *Bloodhounds of Heaven*, the English detective had been a figure scorned and despised. He was equated with the government spy and often rightly suspected of profiting from the same crimes he professed to be combating. Had he been born in Georgian instead of Victorian England, Holmes would have had a prodigiously hard row to hoe.

Ousby's book, originally a Harvard Ph.D. dissertation, makes good reading, not just for Sherlockians but for detective story buffs of all shadings and persuasions. It casts a wholly new light on the man who created the most beloved detective of all time—by showing how far he rose above those who went before him.

Ousby has made it his business to sniff out the changing social perceptions of detectives throughout the 19th century in England. There are stretches in his rather brief (194 pp.) book as boring as the moors ranged over by the Hound of the Baskervilles—as for example Ousby's scrutiny of William Godwin's forgotten novel, *Caleb Williams*, a book no modern reader in his right mind would open. And yet how is it possible fully to understand and appreciate Holmes without first knowing something of Williams, who was the first English fictional detective? That is clearly what Ousby would have us wonder; and he has a point.

Williams is nothing if not an ambivalent figure—"more the Peeping Tom and the gossip," says Ousby, than the disinterested solver of mysteries. The man he spies on is his own employer. A point that Ousby emphasizes is that fictional detectives existed in no social vacuum. They plainly reflected prevailing public attitudes toward the police—a body that in Williams' day (1794) was much looked down on. It was only natural that Caleb should be looked down on, too.

By the time of Dickens, the police were on a public relations upswing, thanks to their increasing professionalism. Dickens celebrated them as heroes, although his Inspector Bucket, in *Bleak House*, has his share of human frailties. Wilkie Collins, in that first fullblown English detective novel, *The Moonstone*, dealt affectionately with Sergeant Cuff, whom T.S. Eliot would call "the perfect detective." Alas, the fiction of the '70s and '80s tossed the detective off his throne as "minor cultural hero"—a reward for widely publicized failures by the real-life police.

It was left to Holmes, who first appeared in 1887, finally to upgrade and stabilize the detective's reputation. But this he did, not because he was a better policeman than Bucket, but because his creator, in a gesture that would have gladdened the heart of Murray Rothbard, set him up in competition with the state law-enforcement monopoly. He was the world's only consulting detective, and a gentlemen to boot—altogether a fitting hero for late Victorians in their middlebrow moods. Holmes, says Ousby, exerted a scientist's control over the physical world. Granted that the early Holmes displayed "overtones of Decadence." All that cocaine-taking and world-weariness! But this is played down in the later tales. He becomes progressively more Watson-like, more charming and personable; "the perfect gentleman hero, the embodiment of the values and aspirations of the contemporary middle-class public," as well as "a solitary crusader on behalf of the weak and helpless individual." Such was the man whom multitudes mourned after Doyle hurled him over the Reichenbach Falls. Following his literary resurrection a decade later, Holmes became a cruder type, Ousby feels. But so was the age growing cruder. At all events, it cannot have done Sherlock's reputation much harm, for the "brutalized Watsons" (such as Bulldog Drummond and Richard Hannay) and the Holmesian imitations that followed have failed to displace him. Sergeant Cuff may have been "the perfect detective" for T.S. Eliot, but for almost everyone that niche belongs to Holmes.

The dimensions of Holmes' greatness are just as evident from Charles Higham's brisk and cheerful recounting of Conan Doyle's slightly bizarre career. Doyle, though trained as a medical doctor, was a compulsive writer; he wrote while waiting in lines, while traveling, while doing virtually anything, and from his writing he made a lot of money. Higham's bibliography lists 82 different books of fiction, military history, drama, poetry, and spiritualism published by Doyle between 1888 and 1930. Yet who looks nowadays at

William Murchison is on the editorial staff of the Dallas Morning News.

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Brigadier Gerard, or *The Maracot Deep*, or *The Wanderings of a Spiritualist*? It is Holmes, and Holmes alone, who makes Doyle one of the world's most famous authors. This is doubtless what Doyle himself sensed so early as 1893, when he decided that Holmes had interfered long enough with his more serious work and had to be disposed of definitively. (Not definitively enough, as it happened, to prevent his resurrection, the late detective having been, if nothing else, a solid money-maker.)

When, in the '20s, Doyle became a renowned spokesman for spiritualism, it was not his convictions or his special insights that propelled him to public notice. The commonsensible British and American publics would never have listened so politely to Doyle's ceaseless testimonies to the proximity of the spirit world had they not known him as the father of Holmes. What a prodigy the son therefore had to be—a creation transcending time, national borders, and even a certain public discomfort with the creator's eccentricities.

How did Sir Arthur do it? He wrote, declares Higham, a collection of "fairy tales—magical, improbable, buoyed up by an imagination as inexhaustible as that of Hans Christian Andersen or the Brothers Grimm." The theory, though underdeveloped, isn't a bad one, especially given that Doyle believed explicitly in fairies. "The people of an increasingly scientific age yearned for fantasy, for magic, and for wild adventure," Higham asserts. These the Holmes stories richly provided. The thesis is of course somewhat at odds with Ousby's suggestion that Holmes was a rational man who titillated science-minded Victorians by imposing order on nature. Maybe he was. But how then explain Holmes' enduring appeal? The 1970s are badly at outs with science, and yet Holmes remains as beloved as ever. The trouble, too, as Higham shows, is that Doyle himself believed in science with only a part of his mind. Science could never bring back the dead for a spot of civil conversation—quite unlike those fraudulent mediums in whom Doyle so confidently trusted.

If not as fairy tales, then the Holmes tales are perhaps most accurately to be regarded as exquisitely polished romances. Doyle would have been an inferior spiritualist had he not adored all his life the things of the spirit—honor, valor, gallantry, pageantry. Like Kipling, whom he greatly admired, he venerated the Empire and the Army. He served as a surgeon in the Boer War and later wrote the conflict's history. His manners were chivalrous. Once, he struck his son for speaking of a woman as ugly. "No woman is ugly!" he cried.

Is Holmes, then, a Victorian knight-errant mounted on a hansom cab, tilting with consummate style and skill against the powers of darkness? He may be just that—which would mean that the social planners and the feminist harpies have botched their work; they have failed to wipe out the age of chivalry, for they have proved their incapacity to purge Sherlock Holmes. The deerstalker cap is hardly a plumed helmet; the magnifying glass is no Excalibur. But they serve, and while they serve, there is hope. □

WORST BOOK OF THE YEAR

(continued from page 4)

concentration camps, and his show trials as "infringements on personal liberty."

Actually she had railed lustily against those anti-Communist liberals like John Dewey and Sidney Hook who were suspicious of the Moscow trials, and she published her objurgations in cultural journals like the *Daily Worker* and the *New Masses*. In the 1940s when anti-Communists were barred from Hollywood and from university teaching posts, she was off mooning over deer on her upstate New York farm, dreaming of the day when she could fence them all in near her picture window, the better to appreciate their sylvan charm. Henry Wallace's preposterous run for the White House fetched her to the soap box where she simultaneously served as his Ron Ziegler and his Rabbi Korff. Think of it, she hollered for the only Presidential candidate in the history of the Republic actually to subscribe to the hocus-pocus of an Asian mystic, the Rev. N. Konstantinovich Roerich, a quack guru for a sect of theosophists! The party was called the Progressive Party, and it was composed of equal parts Communists and simpletons. How shocked she must have been after the 1948 election in which the Progressives fared no better than the last-ditch Prohibitionists, but the indomitable Lillian still burned for a better world and in 1949 she served as the Shirley MacLaine of the famed Waldorf-Astoria Cultural and Scientific Conference for World Peace, quite possibly the most outlandish collection of Stalinists and fellow travellers ever allowed outside the Soviet Fatherland. For once a spark of idealism flickered in America, and the comrades were itching to get down to some constructive lying and utopianizing, when that ferocious Communist-hater Norman Cousins barged in, leading an entire brigade of *Saturday Review* storm troopers. It was a grim moment, especially when the fierce Cousins questioned the brethren about their possible allegiances to a "foreign government." Gulps were heard throughout the ballroom, Adam's apples bobbed furiously, but Lillian screwed up her courage and with pith and wit scotched the knave. The conference

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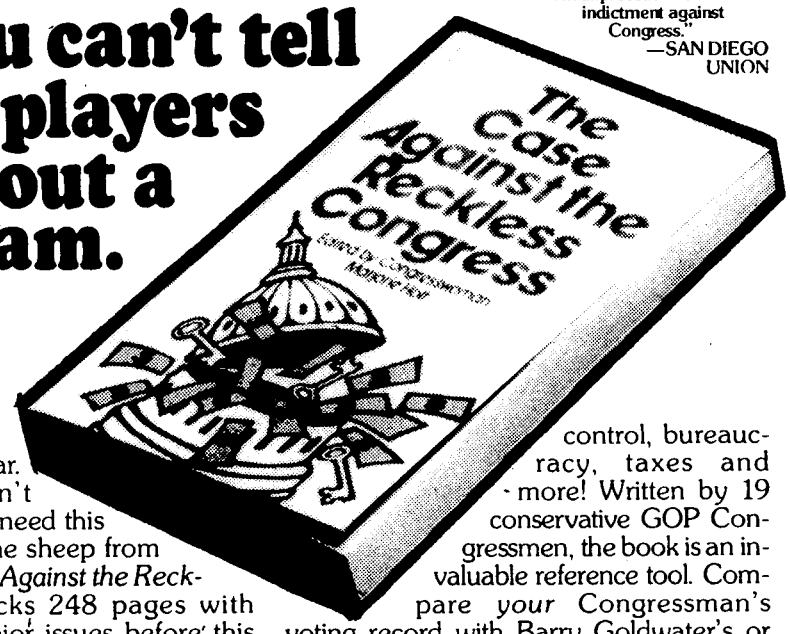

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was saved, but Lillian was to pay for her spunk, and God knows how many celluloid masterworks were lost during the ensuing horror.

At the end of World War II when the devious American government withdrew its armies into its occupational zones, reduced its troop strength from 12 million to approximately 1.5 million by the end of 1945, and began making proposals for international control of atomic power, red stars sprouted throughout Eastern Europe. Our heroic Soviet allies reneged on the Yalta agreement and became dyspeptic over all sorts of diplomatic questions. American military secrets began turning up in Soviet attaché cases, Czechoslovakia was forcibly overthrown, and Lenin's pupils throughout the world began to crow and to fuss. China fell to the poet, Soviet defectors told ghastly tales, and Marshal Sokolovsky blockaded Berlin. The Communist North Koreans swarmed into South Korea. Through it all Americans grew increasingly dubious of Communists and downright curious about Lillian's friends. Congressmen started calling them before their investigative committees both to fashion anti-subversive legislation and to snare headlines.

Now to my mind no Congressional committee should ever have the power to demand testimony from reluctant private citizens. If Congressmen cannot research legislation in ways that do not infringe on the constitutional liberties of private citizens, they ought not to make such legislation. Citizens suspected of crimes should be prosecuted in courts of law, not persecuted before ambitious Congressmen who deny them the legal safeguards of the courtroom.

This having been said I leave it to future generations to decide whether when called before the House Committee on Un-American Activities on May 21, 1952, Lillian acted honorably, intelligently, or even rationally. Her desultory discussion of the epic event in *Scoundrel Time* raises doubts. All we know for a certitude is that before the appearance she yearned for steak, caviar, an expensive dress, and the chance "to spend a lot of money on something." She got the dress, scrapped a visit to the National Gallery because there was "no place to walk refined," and instead examined the Washington zoo, apprising her readers that "I've always wanted to go to bed with an orangutan." Having made her famous statement to the committee, she sells her New York farm and vamooses to Rome. Behind all these tribulations Lillian sees the dark hand of democracy; however, insofar as I have been able to penetrate her dizzy narrative all I can perceive is Lillian's almost willful naiveté and impudence.

It is characteristic of Lillian to exempt certain relevant matters from her diary especially when those matters cast a smudge on her halo. For instance it is both illustrative of her predicament and suggestive of her character that many of her friends were not simply Marxists but slavish Stalinists. Further, most of them were making a bundle and continued to do so throughout the 1950s. Close textual analysis of *Scoundrel Time* and of Lillian's earlier biographies convinces me that many of her associates were ignoramuses, others were bitter-end malcontents, while the rest were mostly bounders, catatonic liars, half-wits, CIA prowlers, and the most egregious Hollywood wheeler-dealers. If she ever associated with any normal Americanoes other than her domestic servants she rarely mentions it. It comes as no surprise to me that her political aspirations for humanity were so foolish; had I come from such a jungle my political philosophy might include whopping doses of genocide.

Of course the absurd nature and behavior of her associates is not the only piece missing from the puzzle Lillian presents. Missing also is any suggestion that in the early 1950s there was ever anyone, aside from Lillian, actively critical of the forms anti-Communism had taken. Lillian never reveals why anti-Communism had such broad support, aside from her bogus explanation that it was a reaction to the New Deal. And she neglects the evidence and reasoning for dozens of other appalling canards such as the claim that "Cold War anti-Communism was perverted... into the Vietnam war and then into the reign of Nixon, their [anti-Communists'] unwanted but inevitable leader." Yet the largest piece missing from her diary is a portrait of Old Joe, perhaps the most bloodthirsty tyrant of all time. Throughout her woeful maunderings Lillian hardly mentions him, yet by the late 1940s he had already done in some twenty million of his own countrymen, established the horrible Gulag, broken his word on countless diplomatic agreements, and ravished much of Asia and all of Eastern Europe. His agents were at work throughout most of the civilized world, and free citizens everywhere had reason in the wake of Hitlerism to fear Soviet expansion and subversion. Popinjays like Lillian had become nuisances. Admittedly nuisances have rights, but from Lillian's revelations I cannot see that her fellow Americans abused her all that much. That she howls so about how society battered her and set her down ever so temporarily into the middle class is only evidence that, as nuisances go, Lillian is a decadent nuisance—the prototype for radical chic.

There has arisen in the land a new and prosperous breed of charlatan, the revisionist, whose chief racket is merchanting the inverted insight, a colossal bit of intellectual sleight-of-hand that propounds as the truth of any issue that which is precisely the opposite of logical deduction and plain fact. There have always been enormous numbers of people whose intellects furiously resist reality, who search out the most remote explanations for the most commonplace happenings, who live with the conviction that influenza and misfortune are always the creation of winged spirits and gyrating heavenly bodies. The modern intellectualoids feast on such preposterous explications, and so they have ravenously gulped down *Scoundrel Time* without even pausing to spit out the seeds. That it is a tale full of poppycock, poorly written by a writer seemingly incapable of the higher forms of cognition, does not even occur to them. They thrill to the obvious inverted insights that "America in the early 1940s fell in love with total war," that Harry Truman "launched the Cold War in the spring of 1947," and that anti-Communist intellectuals of the 1950s conduced America "straight into the Vietnam War and the days of Nixon."

The first two of these whoppers were laid down by Garry Wills in his introduction to *Scoundrel Time*, and they so neatly typify the inverted insight that I would be remiss were I to allow them to pass. The last is sheer Hellman, and it is for the masterful way that she has grafted this newest form of charlatanry onto the trunk of that aged literary form, the school girl's diary, that I do solemnly and officially tender her the third annual Harold Robbins Award for the Worst Book of the Year. Felicitations, Lillian, you have done well by your wail. □

As winner of the coveted Harold Robbins Award for Worst Book of the Year, Miss Hellman will receive Robbins' complete works in handsome, pre-owned, paperbound volumes. The award is to be presented at a civic banquet in Miss Hellman's honor on the weekend of April 15-16 in Chicago, Illinois. Past Robbins Laureates Theodore White and Peter Schrag head the list of invited dignitaries. A limited number of tickets for the fete are available to the general public. For more information, contact: Baron Von Kannon, Harold Robbins Award Banquet Committee, c/o The Alternative, *Box 877, Bloomington, Indiana 47401.*

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CURRENT WISDOM

The Washington Post

A reader's mysterious meditation on *Eptescicus fuscus*, published inexplicably by the renowned *Post* of Washington:

The entry of the little brown bat, and of most other winged creatures, into man's dwelling is largely accidental—the result of the chase (in the bat's case, for mosquitoes) or the beckoning of lights. Left undisturbed and an obvious egress made available, such creatures are as anxious to depart their strange surroundings as the unwilling host is to have them do so. The "humanitarian" (in the sense the word once had), and indeed sensible, approach would be to assist the harmless—and even "boon-bestowing"—little brown bat to peacefully exit the human dwelling into which accident has brought him. But no. We will chase him with brooms, ball bats and hate, spray him with compounds, and consign him to the trash. Voila! Problem solved. Next victim come forward...little brown bat, little brown human, little anything, anyone...

Mary Slusser
Washington

[*October 1, 1976*]

Commonweal

Commonweal delivers upon the USSR the most cruel judgment of all:

Compared with the U.S., the Soviet Union is conservative and timid. [*June 4, 1976*]

Bloomington [Indiana] Herald-Telephone

As a public service to our readers in all the fifty states, the territories, and throughout the world we do hereby reprint the full and unexpurgated text of Congressional hopeful John Elden Tipton's hard-hitting and sincere election-eve declaration, while sadly reporting that this dramatic personality's campaign was decapitated fifteen minutes into election day. Would that we could have reprinted the idiotic mug shot which appeared with Mr. Tipton's statement:

Perhaps it won't work.
But I'd like to try.

Ladies and gentlemen of Bloomington, I have not conducted a Politician's campaign. I have not been everywhere and been all things to all people. For years my father campaigned vigorously, and I found that people don't like having their train of thought interrupted by a candidate for office.

I have grown up in the area where I am running for Congress. I know people. I know their problems. I have not been away in Washington enjoying the fat of the land while my people have been wanting. While I spend a major portion of my time resting in Bloomington, I have felt it not proper to go up to people and tell them who and what I am.

So I come to Bloomington to rest, not to campaign. If you think it should be otherwise then maybe you should re-elect John Myers. If you don't mind my enjoying Bloomington as my home then maybe we will always be close.

I am, yours truly,
John Elden Tipton.
Democrat to U.S. Congress

[*November 1, 1976*]

Dallas Morning News

On the correspondence page of the *Dallas Morning News* appears a stirring ultimatum from Mr. V.T. Calfee *re* construction of a temple dedicated to probity to be raised at the very crossroads of America, nay the world:

If we would list all the sorry things other politicians did do that President Nixon did not do, the result would prove Nixon to be the best president this country has had since George Washington.

That is a good enough reason for us to build a great memorial to President Nixon. We should build it in Texas so everyone could see it.

I will make the first $1,000 down payment on a memorial to President Nixon. Who else is with me?

V.T. Calfee
Milford, Texas

[*November 16, 1976*]

Ms.

Political economy as spouted by Miss Andrea Dworkin, womanologist:

In f-----g and in reproduction, sex and economics cannot be separated. The man takes a body that is not his, claims it, sows his so-called seed, reaps a harvest—he colonializes a female body, robs it of its natural resources, controls it, denies it freedom and self-determination so that he can continue to plunder it, moves on at will to conquer other land which appears more verdant and alluring. Radical feminists call this exclusively male behavior "phallic imperialism" and see in it the origin of all other forms of imperialism.

[*December 1976*]

The Progressive

A heart-breaking revelation from one of the most vigilant journals of the military-industrial complex:

After Vietnam, the Marine Corps is not only morally repugnant, it is obsolete.

[*October 1976*]

The Philadelphia Inquirer

Midst a veritable forest of scholarly tomes the learned and sage Miss Harriet Van Horne shouts out another dithyramb:

My feminism is not the militant kind. I don't march. But history persuades me that the U.S. Congress will continue to be a ship of fools with brigands at the helm until at least a third of the membership is female....And many of them [male politicians], one must add, rightly suspect that women are too honest, too efficient, too squeaky-clean for the deals that stoke machine politics....Some of us, I guess, will never lose the old-fashioned pleasure of being "girls." We are still in love with Lord Byron, who "revered a petticoat." It's the petticoat admirers, I've an idea, who are secure enough in their manhood to vote for us. They might even welcome us into the smoke-filled rooms. With our sweet scent and canny ways.

[*November 16, 1976*]

New York Times

What is to be done about North Vietnam? A humane proposal to the government of the United States from Mrs. Helen Maguire Muller, Machiavellian:

War sapped most of the peasants' energies, and the good earth was neglected, bombed out, defoliated and abandoned. But now there is peace. Brigades work in the fields without fear of raids. Men now accompany the once all-women teams in the planting.

The time is ripe to make a positive offer without fanfare. Where planes formerly dropped bombs, why not drop bags of fertilizers or grains? Flags or painted insignia on the planes, or labels of origin on the sacks, should be avoided—there is no real victory in giving that which is due, but only the inner satisfaction in doing something for humanity. [*June 26, 1976*]

Time

The incomparably cerebral *Time* excavates one of the splendid ironies of American *haute* culture:

In the early '60s it might have seemed heretical to suggest that rock could be a vehicle for intimate self-expression, for anger and confusion, or a cultural revolution. By mid-decade, all that was a foregone conclusion. Rock music had scrounged for and found its own randy legitimacy. [*May 31, 1976*]

Ms.

Two learned lucubrations on a characteristically profound essay appearing in the April number of *Ms.* and subtly entitled "My Life in a 36DD Bra":

I just read Eve Babitz's article, "My Life in a 36DD Bra" (April, 1976). Fantastic! I was amazed by the similarity of our experiences—right down to both of us being "Late Bloomers" and having the same bra size. It was reassuring to realize that someone else has had the same hassles I had.

Finally at the age of 22 I am getting used to the size of my breasts and learning to take in stride those people who seem to be unable to see anything of me beyond them.

Kristin Evenson
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Ahhhh! The joys of womanhood in a sexist society! To have the power to turn men to mush by virtue of our 36DD breasts. Now that's strength!

How elevating it was to read, in a feminist publication, such insightful and comforting affirmations. Yes, men do judge a woman's attractiveness by the amount of fatty tissue that is piled up on her chest. And it's delightful and funny that they do so! Yes, big "t--s" can be a woman's most valuable possession, and should be exploited to their fullest extent. Yes, there is some discomfort involved: the inconvenience of wearing "disguises," the painful bursting of your illusion when you discover your leg man really wanted "kn-----s" all the time. "Sex objects," you say, "depersonalization," "degradation"? Why with all the attention our big t--s attract, who has the time to notice?

Debra McLellan
Toronto, Ont., Canada

[*August 1976*]

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CORRESPONDENCE

Hoary Anti-Semitism

We should like to take this opportunity to offer a few remarks in reply to Mr. Thomas J. Mullen, Jr. In his letter (Correspondence, November), Mr. Mullen manifests a shocking though hoary kind of anti-Jewish attitude, which, in his case, is bound up with an irony that can only be termed pathetic.

Zionism is the name given to the national liberation movement of the Jews, a people that has suffered untold persecution on account of its stateless condition. In the mere twenty years since it has attained independence, however, Israel, the ultimate achievement of the Zionist movement, has had to fight four wars against aggressive neighbors in order to survive. And to this day Israel's most vicious enemy, the PLO, has as its goal the annihilation of the Jewish state.

In this light it is singularly perverse to term Zionism the "mortal enemy" of the Arab states as Mr. Mullen does; this is, to use Daniel P. Moynihan's judicious term, an Orwellian inversion *par excellence*. It is, moreover, quite evident from the conditions under which Israel came into being that Mr. Mullen's claim is blatantly false. Zionists struggled to secure a small piece of land for a long persecuted people. Czar-sponsored pogroms did not furnish the impetus in international politics that was sufficient to permit the establishment of a Jewish state; it took Hitler's Holocaust to do that. Israel, in a word, came to exist not as a colonial settler state but as a refuge, and that refuge had long held a Jewish population even through the Middle Ages. To try to de-legitimize the existence of Israel in the manner Mr. Mullen implicitly does, while omitting mention of Israel's *raison d'être*, gives expression to anti-Jewish sentiment.

The pathetic irony of Mr. Mullen's views lies in the adoption, as he admits, of the "Soviet party line in being concerned with the rights of the Palestinian people." It is indeed Soviet-style Communism that poses one of the gravest threats to the existence of Israel and to the free world in general. The anti-Israel position of Russian leaders, of course, is at one with Soviet domestic policy: it is grounded in pernicious lies. Surely Mr. Mullen opposes the advance of Communism. So, therefore, should he see the Soviet championing of Palestinian claims as a foil for Communist designs in the Middle East. Mr. Mullen might like to know that current leftist anti-Zionist rhetoric is borrowed from Russian rhetoric which has attacked Zionism since the turn of the century.

We should also like to take exception to Mr. Mullen's reference to American Congressmen as "political whores." Not only is this comment inaccurate in itself; in making this remark, Mr. Mullen was trying to inspire fear of the Jewish lobby in America, and trying to depict it as omnipotent and conspiratorial. One would have hoped such canards about Jewish political activity had disappeared with the mass murder of European Jewry whose tormentors were fed such lies by Goebbels' propaganda machine. Alas! myths die hard.

In closing may we note that America is not "support[ing] the establishment of a Jewish religious state in the Mideast," as Mr. Mullen, siding with Spiro Agnew, alleges. America, rather, is helping an already established democratic ally to defend itself against Arab and totalitarian advances. We condemn Mr. Mullen's views—as others have denounced recent statements by his mentor, Spiro Agnew—as anti-Jewish and inimical to the defense of political liberty throughout the world.

Russell Herman — *Montreal, Quebec*
Allan B. Kage — *Toronto, Ontario*

Hold Thy Lewd Pen

You heard from me twice before this, or your editor R. Emmett Tyrrell did. I wrote to praise superb political essays by Mr. Tyrrell which had appeared in *The Alternative* and, I believe, *Newsweek*. But I contact you now to deplore your decision to publish Mr. Tyrrell's "Jimmy Carter: the Wonderboy at Midpassage" (Nov. 1976). In a year marked by cynical, unimaginative, and astonishingly peevish political commentary, it sets a new low.

I did not vote for President-elect Carter. I am one of those conservative Republicans who were left with no satisfactory presidential contender after Ronald Reagan went down. But after reading Mr. Tyrrell's base and remarkably ignorant attack on Mr. Carter, I find myself wishing that I had voted for him. A public man who inspires such satanic fury in a journalist whom he has never wronged deserves the support of all reflective Christians who would discern the devilish currents in these bad times. Dangers do not flow in only from the Left.

To what purpose, in what conceivable service of truth, did your journal recently expose Ken Woodward's cloying anti-Catholicism, if your editor reserves the right to strike at Mr. Carter's brand of religion with his own venomous bigotry? All of Woodward's sins against us Catholics, which James Hitchcock skillfully enumerated in your October issue, seem as nothing now—mere thumpings of a feather on our oft-battered heads.

To word-gifted Mr. Tyrrell this time I say: It is conceivable that you have never been touched by grace while reading The Word, or known personally an evangelist of the purity of Ms. Stapleton, or handed yourself over to the Lord Jesus Christ in repentance and faith, and so you cannot understand. But must you make your own understanding the measure of what has a right to *be*?

The faithless always "fable and miss," as Hopkins rightly put it. If you truly do not understand, writer, then for decency's sake, if not for God's, *hold thy lewd pen*.

Barbara Nauer
Loyola University
New Orleans, Louisiana

Woefully Inadequate

As a lawyer, it is obvious to me that Steven Munson's understanding of constitutional law is woefully inadequate. Munson's basic premises in "Cruel and Unusual Punishment" (November) are (1) that busing violates the 14th Amendment because it classifies students on the basis of race, and (2) that the purpose of busing orders can only be punitive in nature. Both of these premises are faulty.

The overriding purpose of that portion of the 14th Amendment most often involved in busing cases is to insure the equal protection of the laws. The amendment would be weak, indeed, if it could only be used to stop discriminatory practices without also allowing the courts to shape remedies to overcome the effects of past discrimination. The objective of the courts in busing cases is not to make the wrongdoers of the past pay for their "sins." It is, instead, to root out the long-term effects of the past wrong. The courts can only assume that the natural state of American society, absent illegal discriminatory laws and customs, would be integrated. And, making such an assumption, it must try to recreate that society as it would have been.

I am certainly not a wholehearted proponent of busing. The courts have sometimes created unnecessary hardship by using busing to achieve racial balance. Busing must be and should remain only a judicial tool of last resort—a tool which is to be used only when there is no other adequate method to enforce the design of the 14th Amendment. Munson, and other diehard opponents of busing, seem to forget that the traditional purpose of law is not only to put an end to present wrongs, but, also, to provide reparation for past wrongs. When a pedestrian is injured through the negligence of a motorist it would be foolish to argue that we should do no more than enjoin the motorist from such acts in the future. Instead, we allow the

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pedestrian to approximately recreate the status quo ante by recovering compensation for his injuries. In the same way, the courts must have a free hand to fashion remedies designed not only to end illegal discrimination, but also to eradicate the harm which that discrimination has caused. Fortunately, even the Nixon Court seems to recognize as much.

Paul Taparauskas
Murray, Kentucky

Mr. Munson replies:

Since I am not a lawyer, I would be the first to admit that my knowledge of constitutional law is inadequate, perhaps even "woefully" so. Nevertheless, I stand by my assertion that racial quotas in school assignment are discriminatory and constitute unequal treatment. Mr. T. says this is a "faulty" interpretation of the 14th Amendment (what about the Civil Rights Act?), but he adds nothing to show how quotas can possibly "insure" equal protection—undoubtedly because it cannot logically or empirically be shown. As for his second criticism, I never said that the "only" purpose of busing is punitive, but that such a view rationally explains what seems totally irrational, namely, why and how the courts have come to require integration. Why Mr. T. disputes my view of busing as punishment quite puzzles me, since the bulk and substance of his response is devoted to arguing on behalf of that view as a justification for busing. Mr. T. writes that "the traditional purpose of law is...to provide reparation for past wrongs." Thus, to submit to compulsory busing is to make reparation for the past wrong of discrimination. But if certain people are forced to make reparation are they not being punished? Mr. T.'s thinking reflects precisely the judicial reasoning that I among others have so thoroughly discredited. We both agree that the purpose of busing is punitive, or reparative; but whereas Mr. T. believes this to be legal and just, I correctly demonstrate it to be illegal and unjust. It is not possible to accept that Mr. T.'s "reparation theory" of constitutional law accurately expresses the principles of our great Constitution, since that theory demands, as in Charlotte-Mecklenburg and Denver, the punishment of those who are not in fact guilty.

Mr. T.'s letter promotes confusion more than anything else. It is not clear, for example, whether busing is supposed to be a remedy for "past wrong" or "past harm," two distinguishable things which Mr. T., like our courts, implicitly conflates. His pedestrian-motorist analogy is simply false; unlike the negligent driver whose action is a violation of the law as well as a direct cause of injury, today's school boards (and the citizens whose children are bused) have neither broken the law nor harmed anyone. Mr. T.'s presumption about "the natural state of American society" is sociologically and historically absurd, as well as incredible. From where, exactly, do the courts derive the authority to "recreate society as it would have been ...absent illegal discriminatory laws and customs"? Holding that question aside, suppose the courts expanded Mr. T.'s contention further, and decided to "recreate society" as it might have been absent slavery and the slave trade. Would we accept a court order to deport the large percentage of our black population whose ancestors were slaves?

I suggest that Mr. T. not brag about his law degree, abandon his legalistic sophistry, and re-read the Constitution, the *Brown* opinion, and my article. □

classified

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The Alternative is looking for a part-time subscription manager to work 25 to 30 hours a week. Bookkeeping or accounting skills necessary; minimum typing speed 40 w.p.m. A good opportunity for someone interested in working part-time while attending Indiana University. Send resume to: Ron Burr, P.O. Box 877, Bloomington, Indiana 47401. 812-334-2715.

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Abolish 'Reform'

Journalists, how they sing of their objectivity and lack of bias! Yet some spoil sports insist that journalists are forever slipping their own political views into every news story. Are you such a spoil sport? James Q. Wilson is. And Wilson, the noted Harvard professor of government, spoke eloquently of his observations in a recent issue of The Alternative.

Professor Wilson mulled over the way journalists use the word "reform" to describe changes they like, for instance "campaign reform," "prison reform," "party reform," and so on. And he asked: what gives journalists the right to say these "reforms" are improvements? Aren't many of those institutions so in need of "reform" actually institutions that were hatched by "reformers" of the past? The world would be better off, Wilson advised, if we just retired this sweetly nuanced word.

"Reform" still wobbles on, but if you read carefully, you will discover that journalists use the word much less frequently than before. Why? In part, because of The Alternative's growing influence. Within a month of the appearance of "Abolish 'Reform' " four major newspapers—the Washington Post, the Los Angeles Times, the Detroit News, and the Boston Globe— all asked for reprint rights to James Q. Wilson's article. The newspapers are not yet full-fledged co-conspirators to The Alternative's schemes, but they do pay close attention to what writers for The Alternative say.

In fact, intelligent people all over the country are beginning to pay close attention to The Alternative. They look forward every month to its fresh analyses of political and economic issues. They know they can expect articles by Malcolm Muggeridge, Irving Kristol, R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr., and some of the best young writers in America. And they appreciate the kind of voluptuous belly laughs that the pages of The Alternative offer.

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